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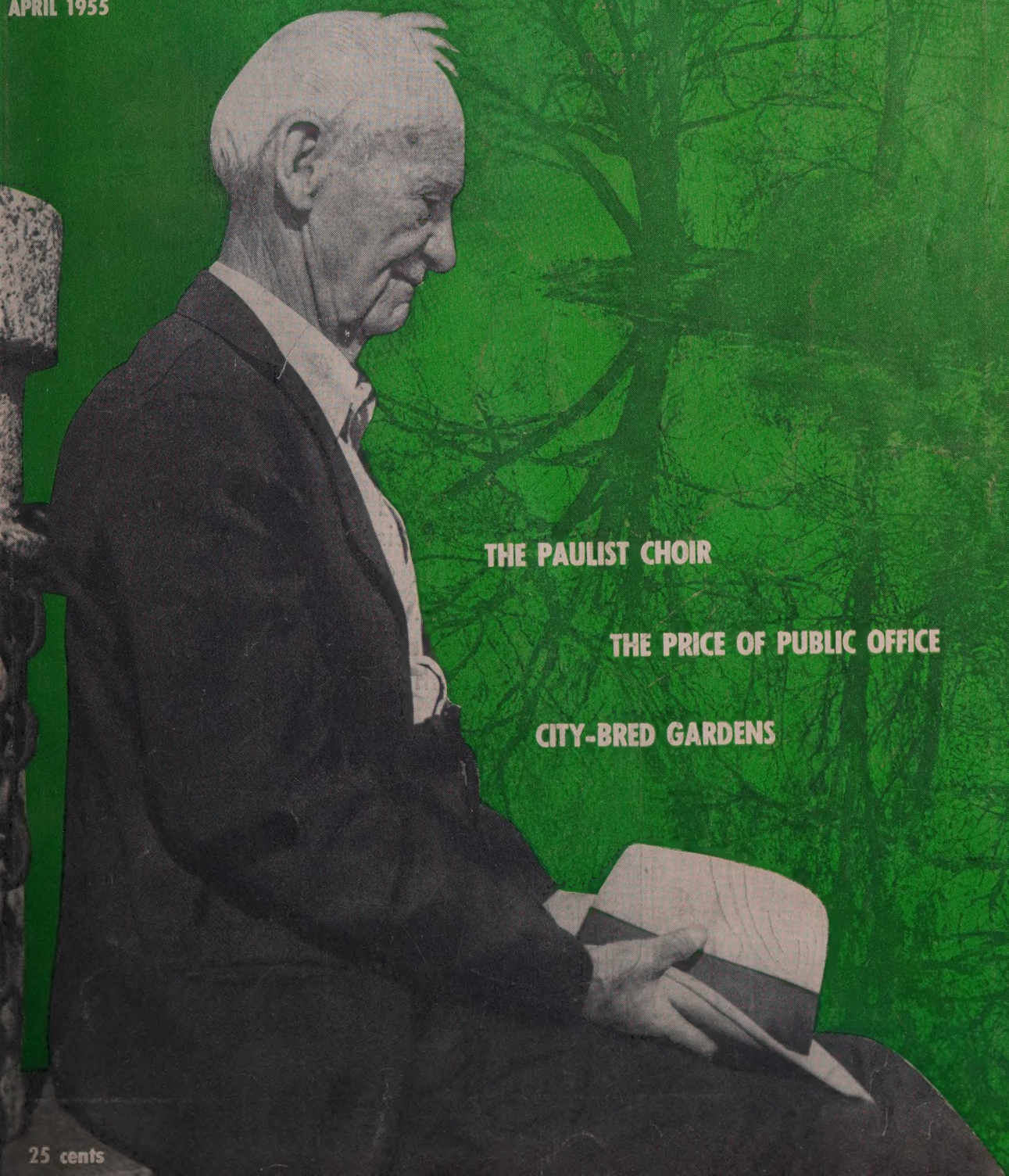

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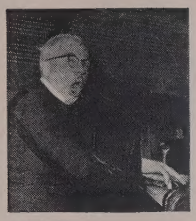

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Chicago

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CONTRIBUTORS

Harry Callahan, who created **Facades,** is an associate professor and head of the photography department at the Institute of Design. His work is represented in the permanent collections of the Art Institute and the Museum of Modern Art.

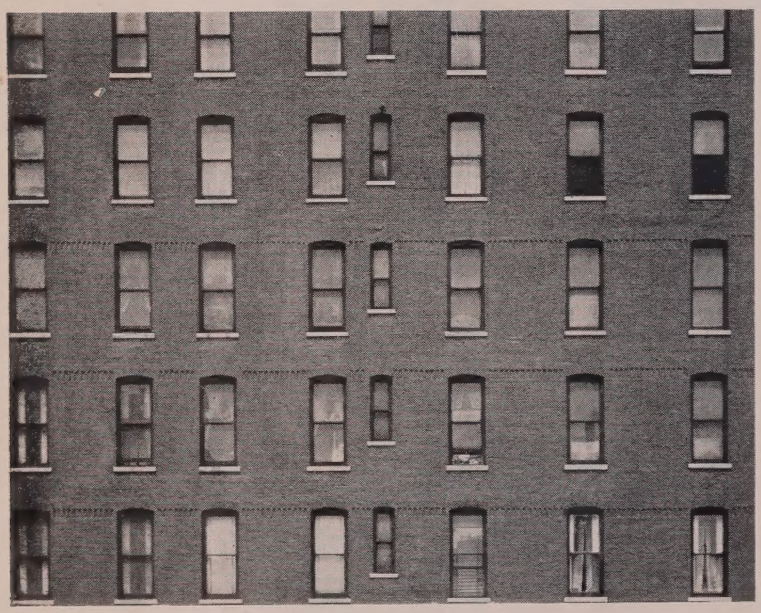
A novel, **Bravo My Monster,** was published recently by Oscar Tarcov, the author of **A Letter from Twilling's Psychiatrist.** He works on the inter-faith staff of the Anti Defamation league.

The man who wrote **Liberal Forgotten,** Maurice F. X. Donohue, has been an actor and a reporter and is now dean of University College of the University of Chicago. Chaim Weizmann, the father of Israel, once called Donohue the ablest newspaperman he had met.

Robert T. Van Tress has learned about things like **City-Bred Gardens** during his 28 years as a horticulturist for the park district.

COVER

The old man taking the sun was photographed by Don Bronstein, the background of trees and their reflections by Russell V. Hamm; Joe Phelan merged them in a spring design.



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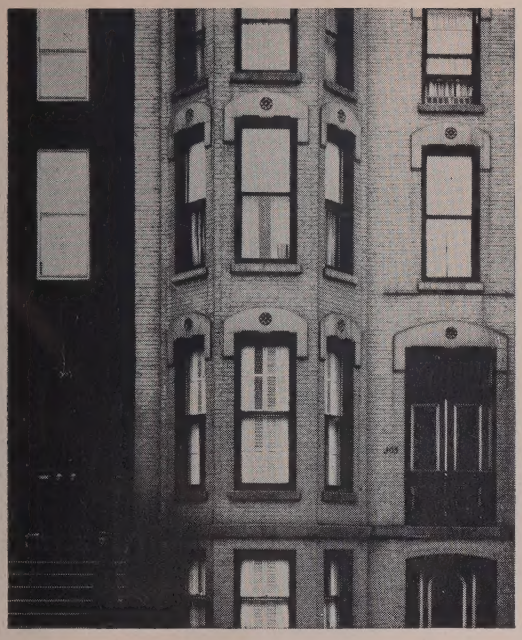
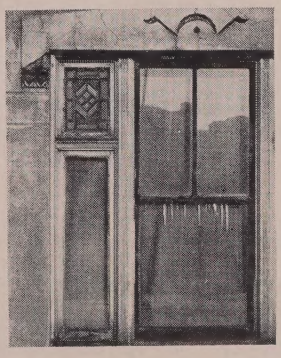


A photographer's meditation on
the design and character of city walls

by Harry Callahan



WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Tender Trap, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Comedy with K. T. Stevens and Russell Nype. Opens April 12. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

The Rainmaker, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Geraldine Page in a drama that says love can transform a plain girl into a beautiful woman. Opens April 11. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Dear Charles, Erlanger. Tallulah Bankhead swishes thru a spicy comedy. Closes April 2. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Tea and Sympathy, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). A character study by Robert Anderson, built around false accusations in a prep school. Deborah Kerr stars. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Edith Piaf, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Mlle Piaf sings her wistful French tunes in a revue that includes other continental entertainers. Opens April 10 for three weeks. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Wed., Sat. & Sun., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). Snitches and snatches of local color from Europe to the Golden Gate. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). "Oedipus Rex" has William Marshall in the title role. Nightly except Mon. Wed. thru Sat., 8:30; Tues. & Sun., 7:30.

Northwestern university, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). April 22 & 23, April 25 thru May 1, Shaw's farcical "Misalliance." 8:30 p.m.; mat. May 1, 4 p.m.

University of Chicago, Mandel hall, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). April 15, 23 & 24, Gogol's "The Inspector General," 8:30 p.m.

Chicago Equity Library theater, (WE 5-6377). Easter season productions of Christopher Fry's "Boy with a Cart" in various churches. April 3, Unitarian Church of Evanston, 1405 Chicago, Evanston; April 5, Peoples church, 941 Lawrence. 8 p.m.

DANCE

Vincente Escudero, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). The noted Spanish flamenco dancer emerges from retirement for a "final" tour. Thru April 11. Nightly, 8:30; mat., April 2 & 9, 2:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. **April: 7** (Thu.) & **8** (Fri.), Fritz Reiner, cond., Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, soloist; prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; "Weinen und Klagen," Liszt; "Death and Transfiguration," Strauss; Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, Bach. **9** (Sat.), Harry John Brown, cond., program to be announced. **12** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Isaac Stern, violin, Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, soloists; Overture to "Oberon," Weber; Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, Bach; Symphony in E flat, K. 543, Mozart; Violin Concerto, Tchaikovsky. **14** (Thu.) & **15** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Janos Starker, cello, soloist; prelude to "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," Hindemith; "Une Barque sur l'Ocean," Ravel; Cello Concerto, Prokofieff; prelude and Love Death from "Tristan," Wagner; prelude to act 3, "Dance of the Apprentices," and finale of act 3, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. **16** (Sat.) Reiner, cond., Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, soloist; Divertimento in D major, Mozart; Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, Bach; prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; prelude to act 3, "Dance of the Apprentices," and finale of act 3, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. **22** (Fri.) & **23** (Sat.) Reiner, cond., Frances Yeend, soprano, Carol

Smith, contralto, Jan Peerce, tenor, Cesare Siepi, bass, soloists, and Swedish Choral club; Symphony No. 1 in C, Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Beethoven. (These are the last concerts of the season).

Allied Art concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **April: 2,** 8:30 p.m., Richard Tucker, tenor; **3,** 3:30 p.m., Solomon, piano; **11,** 8:15 p.m., David Davis, violin; **17,** 3:30, Malcuzynski, piano.

University of Chicago choir, Rockefeller Memorial chapel, 59th at Woodlawn. April 3, 3 p.m. "St. Matthew Passion," Bach.

Grant Johannesan, piano, Orchestra hall. April 5, 8:20 p.m.

Schneider quartet, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). April 8, 8:30 p.m. Alexander Schneider, violin; Isadore Cohen, violin; Karen Tuttle, viola; Daniel Saidenberg, cello.

Bill and Pat Medley, duo pianists, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (PL 2-5319). April 11, 8:30 p.m.

Folk song concert, Fullerton hall. April 15, 8:30 p.m. Fleming Brown, Gerry Armstrong and Bernie Asbel sing music of the United States and British Isles.

Joseph Cole, Tenor, Fullerton hall. April 17, 8:20 p.m.

Apollo Musical club recital, Orchestra hall. April 19, 8:15 p.m.

Richard Flewell, piano, Fullerton hall. April 19, 8:20 p.m.

Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Mandel hall. April 22, 8:30 p.m.

Bethel College Male chorus, Orchestra hall. April 23, 8:15 p.m.

Marion Hall, piano, Fullerton hall. April 25, 8:20 p.m.

Fine Arts quartet, 11th Street theater, 72 e. 11th (HA 7-5570). April 26, 8:30 p.m.

Julian Leviton, piano, Fullerton hall. April 27, 8:20 p.m.

Alyne Dumas Lee, soprano, Orchestra hall. April 28, 8:20 p.m.

Businessmen's orchestra, Orchestra hall. April 30, 8:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

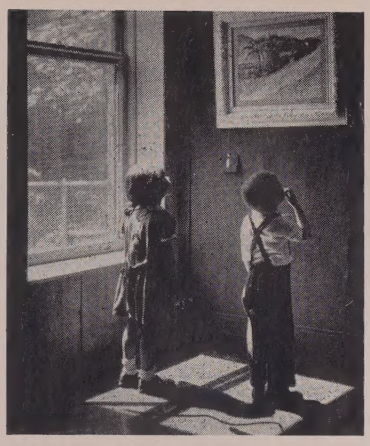
Modern Living Exposition, Navy Pier (WH 4-3800). Thru April 3. Mon.-Fri., 2 to 10 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1 to 10 p.m. Home furnishings from the ground up, sponsored by Chicago Metropolitan Home Builders association.

Harlem Globe Trotters, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). April 3, 2:30 p.m. Exhibition basketball.

Flower show, Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). April 3 thru 17. Daily, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Displays of spring and Easter blooms.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month, from April 18: a rare color print, portrait of Louis XV by Jacob Christoph Le Blon (1667-1741). **New exhibits:** from April 28, annual exhibition by Society for Contemporary American Art, galleries 51, 52 & 53. **Continuing:** thru April 10, contemporary Chinese paintings by David Kwok, gallery H-9; thru April 17, Japanese prints and drawings, east wing galleries; thru May 1, photographs of Japan by the late Werner Bischof, gallery 5; thru April 30, annual exhibit by the Society of Typographic Arts, gallery 11; thru April 30, 16th, 17th and 18th century European tapestries, galleries A-1 thru A-5; selection from the Gaffron collection of ancient Peruvian pottery and textiles, galleries L-4, L-4a; Emily Crane Chadbourne collection of early Americana, gallery L-2; loan exhibition of early Chelsea porcelain, gallery G-11; American and European rooms in miniature by Mrs. James Ward Thorne, gallery M-4. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.



Into a Child's World, some 40 pieces — watercolors, easel paintings, crayon drawings and finger paintings — by preschool children in Winnetka. Also an exhibition of contemporary toys. Thru April, Leonard Linn, 821 Chestnut, Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Thu. to 9 p.m.

group shows

Arts Club of Chicago, annual exhibit by professional members. From April 3, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Cromer and Quint galleries, artists residing in the Tree studios. From April 16, 615 n. State (DE 7-5637). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

North Shore Art league, annual invitational show of Chicago area artists. From April 24, Winnetka Community center, 620 Lincoln, Winnetka (WI 6-0537). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

American Jewish Arts club, annual exhibit. Thru April 27, Todros Geller gallery, 72 e. 11, (HA 7-5570). Sun.-Thu., 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sat., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Young Viennese artists, oils, watercolors, drawings, prints and tapestries by Johann Fruhmann, Josef Mikl, Mario DeCleva, Johanna Schidlo and Friedrich Riedl. Thru April 15, Baldwin Kingrey, 105 e. Ohio (SU 7-9103). Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat. to 5 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series,** Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **April: 3,** "African Safari," Sadie Kalmon; **10,** "Wanderings in France," Addis Osborne; **17,** "A New Look at the Old World," Maurice and Mary Merryfield; **24,** "La Bella Italia," Robert S. Spindell.

Art Hobbies and How to Ride Them, Mon., 2 & 6:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **April: 4,** "What to Read and How to Do it," Ken Nordine; "Making Jewelry by Hand," John Dearney.

Chicago Public library, Randolph at Michigan (CE 6-5821). **Noon Garden sessions,** Mon., 12:15 p.m., Assembly hall, free. April 4, "Weeds—How to Rid Garden and Lawn of These Pests," Darl Snyder.

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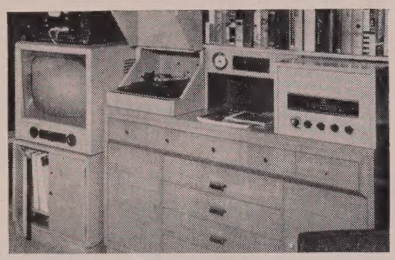

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tory museum, Field dr. and Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9410). Screen Tour lectures, James Simpson theater, 2:30 p.m., free. **April: 3,** "Mormonland," Particia Bailey Witherspoon; **24,** "The Grass Forest," Robert C. Hermes.

U. of Chicago lectures, U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). **Committee on Social Thought series:** "Some Men and Women of the 15th Century," H. Stanley Bennett. April 4 & 6, 3:30 p.m., April 11, 13, 18 & 20, 5 p.m. **Walgreen Foundation series:** "Judaism in America," Nathan Glazer. April 24, 27, 28 & 29, 4:30 p.m. Both series, Social Sciences Research building, 1126 e. 59th. Free. "Plant Ornament: A Guide in the Study of Art History," Helene J. Kantor. April 27, 8:30 p.m., Oriental Institute, 1155 e. 58th.

Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Discussion in the round series. April 13, 8 p.m., "Can Love Conquer All?"

University college, U. of Chicago, 19 s. La Salle (DE 2-7245). **The Good Life series:** April 1, "The Modern Business Corporation as a Social Instrument for the Good Life," David A. Shepard (116 s. Michigan). **Works of the Mind series:** April 15, "The Analysis of a Scientific Text," Aaron Sayvetz (116 s. Michigan). **Poet Speaks series:** April 8, Isabella Gardner and Henry Rago. 8 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler Planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Lecture chamber closed during April. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tues. & Fri. to 9:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: original and rare California prints, 1840-1870. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.; after April 24, 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru April, "The Story of Pain." Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. (to 5 p.m. after April 24); Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

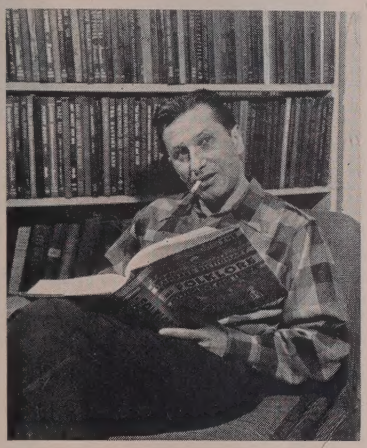
Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

TELEVISION

Adventure (2 p.m. Sun., Channel 2). Man invades the museum to discover what

he may be up to next.
Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., 2). An uncluttered account of man's activities in art, in history or possibly out of this world.
Jack Benny (6:30 p.m. Sun., 2), and **George Gobel** (9 p.m. Sat., 5). December and May — proving Gobel just a youngster, Benny a spry 39, and wit ageless.
Kraft Theater (8 p.m. Wed., 5). In its eighth year, Kraft heads toward its 500th play. For superior quality, also see **Television Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., 5).
See It Now (9:30 p.m. Tues., 2). Events and adventurers on camera; with Ed Murrow.
Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). Sooner or later, all of it.



Studs Terkel's Briefcase (11 p.m./Sun., 7). Containing his patented brand of folklore, surprises and unusual guests.
Chicago Symphony orchestra (8 p.m. Wed., 9). In person.
Producers Showcase (7 p.m. April 4, 5), and **Best of Broadway** (9 p.m. April 6, 2). Inconsistently, good theater.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). **April: 12 & 13,** St. Louis; **20 & 21,** Milwaukee; **22, 23 & 24** (doubleheader), Cincinnati. 1:30 p.m.
White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). **April: 14,** Kansas City; **16 & 17** (doubleheader) Cleveland; **26 & 27,** New York; **28, 29 & 30,** Boston. 1:30 p.m.

golf

Public golf courses operated by the park district (HA 7-5252) in Lincoln (Waveland), Jackson, Columbus and Marquette parks, and by the county forest preserve district (CO 1-8400) — Caldwell, Edgebrook, Indian Boundary, Northwestern, Burnham Woods and Pipe O' Peace — open April 15.

harness racing

Maywood park, Fifth & North, Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Fox Valley meet opens April 15. Post time, 8:30 p.m.

thorobred racing

Sportsman's park, 3301 Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Spring charity meet, April 25 thru 29; regular meeting opens April 30. Post time, 2 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "Tom Sawyer," Sat., 2:30 p.m., from April 2; Sun., 3 p.m., from April 17.
Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven school, Prairie at Lincoln, Evanston (UN 4-3734). Rita Criste's production of "Beauty and the Beast." April 30, 10 a.m. & 2 p.m. For children of elementary and intermediate grades.
Jack & Jill Players, 306 S. Wabash (WA 2-0317). April 2 & 9, Charlotte Chorpenning's adaptation of "Sleeping Beauty." April 16 & 30, "Toby Tyler," a boy's ten-week adventure with a circus. 4 p.m.

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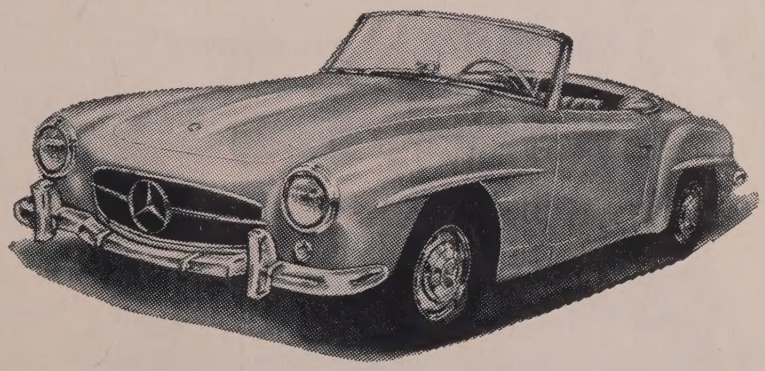

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music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). **Young People's concerts,** Tue., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. Theme **Apr. 5 & 19,** "Music to Dance To," with narration of Morton Gould's "Tap Concerto" by George Kuyper and tap dance by Jack Ackerman. Orchestra program, Nancy Jean Campbell, 12, piano, soloist: "Concerto for Piano in D major," Haydn; polonaise from "Eugene Onegin," Tchaikovsky; waltz from "Dancing Doll," Poldini; "Tarantella," Respighi; "Jamaican Rhumba," Benjamin; "Sabre Dance," Khachaturian; "Tik Tak Polka," Strauss. (These are the final concerts of the season.)

museums

Natural History museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Free movies and a puppet show for children, Sat., 10:30 a.m., James Simpson theater. **Movies:** April 2, "Some Favorite Animals," both wild and tame; April 9, "El Navajo," about colorful Indians of the Southwest; April 23, "People Along the Mississippi River"; April 30, "Beaver Valley," Walt Disney's true-life adventure. **Puppets:** April 16, Basil Milovsoroff's Folktale puppets in "Carnival of Insects" and "The Fisherman and His Wife."

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide-talk and film programs on Chicago and American history; **Museum mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m. April 2 & 16: "Chicago Rebuilt," how a world center arose out of ruins and film, "Cities — How They Grow." **Weekday assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes. April 13 & 20: "The Nation Expands," and color film, "Wilderness Road."

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Swift & Company's "Food for Life" exhibit includes a see-thru incubator in which children may watch chicks hatch out during the day. The Gardner doll room has a collection of 500 historic and unusual dolls and doll furniture. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. (to 5 p.m. after April 24); Sat. to 5:30 p.m., Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

libraries

Chicago Public library, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour,** Sat., 2:15 p.m. Free programs exploring the world thru films, recordings and story-telling. **April: 2,** circus adventures; **9,** Easter and springtime; **16,** balloons and airplanes; **23,** birds; **30,** games and play. Tickets available one week in advance in the Thomas Hughes room.

parks

swimming

Park district indoor swimming club championships, final events. Boys, 11 and older; girls, 12 and older; April 2, all-meter event, West Pullman park, 123rd & Stewart. April 16, all relay meet, Portage park, 4100 n. Long. 2 p.m.

volleyball

City-wide championships for boys 14 and younger. April 16, 1:30 p.m., Altgeld park, 515 s. Washtenaw.

chess

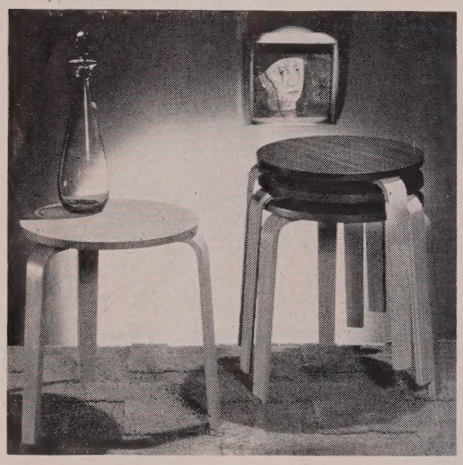
City-wide championships for boys and girls 18 and younger. April 29, 7:45 p.m., Shedd park, 3660 23rd.

marbles

City-wide championships for midgets (11 and younger) and juniors (12 to 14). April 30, 10:30 a.m., Douglas park play field, 19th & Albany.

fishing

Park district lagoons open for fishing April 1, from sunrise to dark. Children under 16 need no license. Fishing is permitted from banks of lagoons, but



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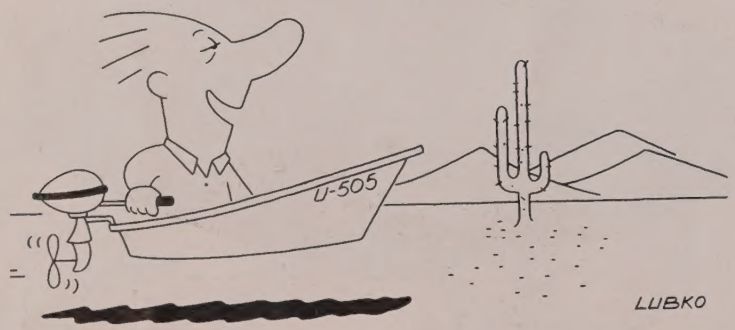

Shortsighted Sam had his day
He thought a desert was a bay
To an eye physician he'd better go
Then bring his prescription to . . .

Almer Coe
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10 NORTH MICHIGAN, CHICAGO • 1645 ORRINGTON, EVANSTON

not from boats, piers or bridges. Lagoons are in the following parks: Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley and Lincoln.

NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). The Billy Williams quartet entertains during April. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.60; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Val Navarro sings Spanish flavor tunes and Jo-Jo the Glamour Boy provides laughs. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows at 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte. $2.50 min.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Cathy and Blair star in "Spurs 'n Skates," an ice revue with dudes, dolls and a magician. Vocals are by the Tattlers and music by Frankie Masters' orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Xavier Cugat appears thru April 7 and is followed by Tony Martin — he of the white dinner jacket. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra and violin. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Celeste Holm continues thru April 13 and is followed by another stage personality, the adaptable Eddie Albert, who appears on a bill with Margo. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play steady two-beat tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse and pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch $.90-$1.50; dinner $1.85-$3.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Audrey Morris sings quiet show tunes and Jimmy Bowman sings and plays contemporary jazz at the place where charcoal-fired steaks are a house specialty. Nightly, 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte from $2.95. No cover or min.

Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Comic Aaron Leifer and singing waiters and waitresses are supplemented by various operatic and popular singers. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). A south sea decor has replaced the Marine dining room. Island Cantonese cuisine as well as Yankee. Two orchestras — music from the islands by Johnny Pineapple and from the Midwest by Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance. David Le Winter's orchestra plays for dancing, as it has for 14 years. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Even the tablecloths are

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"THERE ARE ONIONS AND ONIONS," says Executive Chef Gosy of the Sherman Hotel. But for his famous Chuck Wagon Beef Stew, nothing will do save the delicate pearl onion you *may* be able to see in his left hand. This flavorsome gem magnifies but *never* masks the mouth-watering flavor of the lean beef tenderloin, the mushrooms and other luscious tidbits that make up this famous College Inn Porterhouse specialty. To enjoy a truly superb cuisine, come to the Sherman (you can drive right in!) and dine at Chicago's finest steak house to the music of Frank York and his famous strolling violins. Hotel Sherman, Randolph, Clark and LaSalle Streets. Franklin 2-2100.

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THE MERCHANDISE MART

from Switzerland. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz, etc.

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Comparatively new in town, but well known via records, Paul Quinichette comes in April 8 to blow the cool sound on tenor sax. On the 22nd, Cecil Young's quartet will succeed him. Jam session Monday. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). From April 6 thru 17, the great Count Basie's band will blast hot and frantic, and from the 20th thru the 24th, Woody Herman's Third Herd will cool things off. On the 27th Bob Scobey's Frisco band, with the ageless Clancy Hays singing and strumming on his old banjo, will start building up the tension again. Food a la carte from $1.50 to $3. $3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). One of Chicago's truest singers of jazz, Lurlene Hunter, sings with Claude Jones on piano. Laurie Allyn does the same to Ace Harris' accompaniment. While they rest on Monday and Tuesday, Johnny Frigo on bass gets Dick Marx ready for piano flights into fantasy. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixie stays here for long periods, with Bill Reinhardt leading on clarinet and followed by Marty Marsala on trumpet, Max Hook on piano, Harry Graves on trombone and Doc Cenardo on drums. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

Mambo City, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). Augie Delarosa's six mambo stars draw the lovers of torrid dancing on Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun., 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. In the **Preview lounge,** Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five offer some real old-fashioned New Orleans stomp music thru April 16. Music 8 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun. mat. jam session, 4 to 7 p.m. No cover or min. either place.

Starlite room, 624 s. Michigan (HA 7-3524). Peppy and Tonya, the comics of mambo, are worth the trip downstairs. Aron Monreal's band plays five nights a week, and Joe Segal's bunch takes over on Tuesday. Music 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Mon. No cover or min.

Streamliner, 540 Madison (AN 3-6436). The Johnny Pate trio and Ann Henry have been on the scene for some time but are just being taken up by the hipsters. Tue.-Fri. ($2 min.). 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sat. ($2.50 min.), 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No music Sun. & Mon.

DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage, other German dishes. The dark draught beer is excellent. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a cheerful room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1-$1.75; dinner $2.45-$3.40.

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Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes and fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea around you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

Cloud Room, Midway airport (PO 7-0600). Diners are served fine Marshall Field's fare while the arrival and departure of planes encourages romanticism. Daily, 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch, $1.50; dinner, $2.50 and a la carte.

Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 6-0637). A good Loop restaurant where there's plenty of room at lunch time. Greek specialties include avgolemono soup, taramosalata (fish roe) and assorted kebabs and pelafs. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.25.

Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). Solid Fred Harvey fare. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.35; dinner $3 and a la carte.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $2.50-$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord here, of course. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan (DE 7-9701). A small down-the-stairs place with a large menu. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner from $2.10.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison (FR 2-0700). John Martyn Paull provides piano background for dinner and supper. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch $1.30-$1.95; dinner $2.50-$4.75.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6.

Vogue Tap Room & Grill, 3808 Broadway (DI 8-9089). A small, informal place that has good sirloins for $2. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 a.m.

suburban

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop share the setting of a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Colonial Homestead, 9101 Waukegan rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-3780). Good food in a friendly, relaxing atmosphere. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $2.50-$4.50, mainly a la carte.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing, other dishes all live up to their widespread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Mathon's, 6 Clayton st. at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout and other fresh fish brought in daily by boats. Also sea food, steaks, chops & chicken. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$2, dinner $2-$4.50.

Yesteryear, Harrison at the river, Kankakee (Kankakee 2-7813). Fine food, including a "gourmet buffet," served in a Frank Lloyd Wright house. Mon.-Sat., noon to 2 p.m., 5:30 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m. Lunch $1-$2.25; dinner $1.85-$3.85.

Coming in the May issue of Chicago

- When You Buy a House, You Choose Your Children's School
  a suburban survey
- The Fine Arts Quartet
  breaking an unsound barrier
- Introducing James T. Farrell
  as a columnist

On news-stands the last Thursday in April

Chicago

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West of the Water Tower

It was owned by an old lady who never went to church

This used car salesman, known hereinafter only as Bruce, was lolling around the lot one afternoon, reflecting on the inconsistencies of a legal system that condones his art but prohibits burglary, when four young men of distinctly rural mien approached him and announced that they wished to purchase that contradiction in terms known as a good cheap automobile. Bruce had just the baby for them, a venerable heap which had occupied a remote corner of the yard for many weeks. The noose was soon drawn tight around the victims' wallets and they drove off down the street. About a block away the ancient vehicle trembled and screeched to a halt; the doors flew open; the four unsophisticates leaped out and ran back to the lot, shouting and pointing at the abandoned auto. Bruce accompanied them to the car, where they excitedly directed his attention to the back seat. A covey of rats had established a menage in the upholstery. When the car began to move the rodents had recalled their proverbial role in connection with sinking ships and begun looking for portholes. Bruce casually inspected the rear compartment, pointed out that the debarkation of wildlife had been complete, and invited the marks to resume their journey. They did.

The dead voter in room 42

Fifteen or so Puerto Ricans were standing on the steps of the red brick building at 16 west Ontario, lounging around and talking rapidly in Spanish. It was a bright, warm day last April, primary election day, but this wasn't a polling place.

Indifferent old men and gaping little children clustered on the sidewalk in front of the building.

Police squad 26 and squadrol 276 were double-parked, facing each other. A couple of policemen were digging around in an equipment locker in the back of the squadrol. Somebody asked one what was going on.

"An old guy died on the third floor a few days ago and didn't let anybody know. We're going to put him in a rubber bag; he's started to decompose," answered the cop. Then, to his partner, who had just found a couple of left-hand rubber gloves in the locker, "Well, where are the mates?"

The dark little man on the sidewalk with flashing eyes and a ready smile was Fred Gauna, "G-A-U-N-A, Democratic precinct captain, 43rd precinct, 42nd ward. Do I know him? He was one of my voters! Name of Carl R. Ruane. R-U-A-N-E. Irishman – iron worker, I think. Today – of all days. I was knocking on his door to get him to come out and vote." Then Gauna and his helper rushed off to make sure that those who could vote did.

On the stairs, Dan Casper said he'd lived there as long as Ruane, but

hadn't spoken to him more than twice. "They come and they go. He was a quiet man, big and quiet. He was older than I am – more than sixty."

One of the policemen came out of the building again, looking pallid. "He's too husky for the rubber bag, 285 pounds. He'd break it. Gonna get the stretcher."

Ray Blosser's mother was the landlady, and he helped her manage the building. Blosser was a bright, good looking young man.

"Yes, I know our tenants," he said, "but I never knew much about Ruane. He never talked much, always paid his rent, didn't like for anybody to bother him – even to knock on his door. That's why he was up there so long undiscovered.

"Did he drink? He was always drinking if he wasn't working. Never so drunk he'd fall, but always in that sort of numb, half-oblivious state. He was an outside worker, and I guess that work slows up in the winter, so he drank.

"He had all his clothes on when they found him. John Long, the only person he spoke much to, says he had a few drinks with Ruane in Ruane's room Friday. He must have laid down to sleep it off, pulled the covers over him, and never woke up."

Blosser said that Ruane habitually had paid his rent, five dollars a week, by the week, unless he was going on a trip. "He went back to Ireland a couple of times. He never really came out and told us, but when he was going, he paid for eight weeks in advance – eight weeks."

The card file holding payment records for the occupants of the 46 rooms in the building indicated that the man in room 42, Carl Ruane, was paid up until April 14. He hadn't planned a trip.

It is written

On *Daily News* circulation trucks: "Finest world news."

Never give a con man an even break

A North Side woman answered the phone recently and was informed by a husky voice that she had $100 coming. For half of that sum, he would tell her how to get it. Then he mentioned a state license number and asked whether it were hers. It was. She said she'd think over his offer, and he promised to call later. Then she called the police, who weren't immediately familiar with the dodge. They soon came up with a plausible theory, tho: The enterprising caller had somehow learned that she was a winner in the *American's* numbers game, "Lucky 4 You," which was making cash awards to holders of certain phone, license and social security numbers. The woman got the $100 and the man was given credit for a nice try.

It wasn't the pickles

"I do this night work because I like it," said Mrs. Garson defiantly, and she flourished the big feather duster. "You say you clean offices at night, people look down on you like you pick garbage or beg in the streets. I could work in the day but I like this better."

The little woman's apron had come undone in the energy of her protest. She propped the duster against the vacuum cleaner next to her and retied the bow behind her back. After hours of cleaning, the apron was still white against her neat green house dress.

With great precision she lifted a pin curl gone askew and prodded it into place among its fellows on her forehead. She resettled her wire-bound glasses firmly on her nose and leaned with both hands on the handle of the vacuum.

"My one daughter at home bowls a couple of nights a week. I would be sitting home doing nothing most nights in the week. And I have finished the office in there and then I finish this little room and go on to the next office."

The corner of a mahogany desk resting on thick carpeting was visible thru the inner door. A burlap waste paper bag stood in the middle of the small reception room, surrounded by coils of vacuum cleaner cord. From the doorway could be seen a long handled mop leaning against the door of the next office down and looking foolishly prominent in the lifeless hall.

"I come to work at 5:30 and leave at 11:30. It is now only an hour to go and I feel good but I am a little bit tired." Her not unattractive face widened in a smile.

When her age was guessed at 45, she dropped her eyes and began plucking at the middle finger of the rubber

drawings by Robert Post

glove on her left hand. "I am 58. Thank you." She opened up in conversation to cover the pink flush on her face.

"I must work to earn my money to live." She looked up earnestly. "One night in 1929 my husband was going to turn on the bathtub to take a bath. He leaned over the tub and he fainted. He fell downwards and his head hit the handle of the hot water faucet. It turned on. He was laying there unconscious while this scalding water fell on his neck and shoulders.

"He was never right after that. He was sick in bed most of the time. He got a bad heart and high blood pressure. He died four years later and I was left with my two daughters.

"I had never worked because he had not wanted me to, but now I had to. It was the depression. Times were bad. Our house was taken away from me because I couldn't make the payments. I tried to get work and finally got a job for the WPA at the county hospital. Then I worked on and off in cafeterias and washing dishes in restaurants.

"During the World War II a friend of mine said that I could get work here at night. So I have been here since.

"I came over from Poland in 1911. I got a job in a restaurant here – I forget the name. My job was to put out the cheese and crackers and pickles on the tables. It was free then, you know. Well, this man, my husband, was a waiter. I thought it was funny how he used to come over to help me put the pickles out. It was easy. I could do it myself. But I was just 17 then and didn't know. It wasn't the pickles. It was me.

"He asked me to marry him. I said no. Four years I said no. Then I said yes. He was so good a man."

Her voice had dropped, but her tone brightened. "You should be glad I marry a man named Garson. You should see my real name in the Polish. Well, I must do my work. Happy to see you."

The vacuum cleaner roared.

Unpopular, too

A tag on an azalea plant delivered to the maternity floor at Passavant hospital read: "Asexual reproduction is illegal."

The poet, no

Behind the night clerk's desk in the Brevoort hotel on Madison street there is the usual wall of mailboxes, but off to one side is another row of pigeonholes, looking long unused, labeled from top to bottom: "manager," "engineer," "printer" and "Carl Sandburg." In Carl Sandburg's box there are three dusty pieces of mail.

One day someone asked if the mailbox was the poet's. The gray-haired clerk on duty answered: "Who? That box was for Carl Sandburg – used to be a wine steward here some 30-odd years ago."

Schtiggy-Boom

When those two New Orleans disk jockeys locked themselves in the transmitter room and played the same record over and over again for several days, they couldn't have known the total significance of their act.

The repeated rotation of *Shtiggy-Boom* climaxed one career of a ubiquitous resident of Uptown who may be the nation's leading part-of-song writer. He is Robert Louis Arbogast, an irreverent youth born on April Fool's Day whose chief notoriety had been in the field of radio and night club comedy. This is not to say that *Shtiggy-Boom* is the first song of which he has written part. On the contrary, he had earlier contrived the titles of two tunes which were recorded, back-to-back, and sold a fair number of copies.

The whole savory story began one day in 1952 when Arbogast was doing an evening satire show over WMAQ with Peter Robinson, now a West Coast television writer. Among the station's staff announcers at that time was Jim Lowe, who was writing a well-fated song called *Gambler's Guitar*. His task was complicated by inability to think of a two-syllable participle conveying the motion of a river boat. He mentioned his quandry to Arbogast, who quickly supplied "churning."

That gave the jester an entree to Lowe, and he lost no time in moving

up the scale from middle-of-song writer to front-of-song writer. One night in Evanston he issued the following safety directive to his stepdaughter, Paula: "Look in both directions before you cross your heart." The next day he relayed the phrase to Lowe, who attached some more words and made it into a song.

A few weeks later Arbogast was coming out of the Merchandise Mart when he suddenly trilled, "Santa Claus rides a strawberry roan when he takes toys to Texas." There was something more than passing ironic about this spontaneous creation. For if there is anything its progenitor likes less than cliche songs, it is Texas. He overcame the temptation toward amnesia, however, and dutifully relayed his newest title-first line to Lowe, who again annexed the words and music needed to constitute it a tune.

"Look in Both Directions" and "Santa Claus" were mortalized on shellac just in time to miss most of the Christmas trade in 1953. They did enjoy a fraction of a vogue around the last yuletide, tho.

As to *Shtiggy-Boom*, if it is Arbogast's latest effort in one sense, it is his earliest in another. He composed the phrase while on leave from the navy in 1945, for use in conversing with babies who were jaded by locutions like "goo" and "kitchy-koo."

Later, during the Arbogast-Robinson radio revels here, the words acquired broader utility. They might be anything from small talk in a caveman skit to denunciation of a crooner who couldn't say "the same to you" because he was only on a record.

When Robinson went to California he took the memory of schtiggy-boom along. Recently a song writer in Hollywood asked him what would be a good nonsensical title, and that was that. Except for the spelling, of course. Both the record label and the newspaper accounts of the marathon spelled it without the *c*. But its real father states unequivocally that the longer, German spelling is correct.

It is illustrated

A couple who ran a decor and gift shop on Broadway lately moved out, bankrupt, leaving in the front window a greeting card that showed a choleric gentleman thumbing his nose.

Jac Worth

The last of the big spenders

Jac Worth is a gregarious bohemian who looks like a fashion model and spends $2,000 a month in night clubs. On one particular occasion he was planning to drop almost that much in a single night. He was taking along 180 companions.

At 6:30 Worth stood in the lobby of the Diana Court building on north Michigan, which is occupied by Tracy's restaurant, as well as a statue of the huntress. The spacious foyer was alive with the chatter of Worth's guests, each of whom had paid $13 for the turkey dinner they were consuming and visits to three cabarets. All but a few of them were women, mostly domestic types in their thirties and forties. Worth moved among them with an assurance borne of three years of conducting night life tours, and a decade or so of earlier experience along similar lines. He was clad in a tan checked sport coat, brown slacks, gray sport shirt and brown tie. He carried a Scotch highball in his left hand as he strode nimbly around the restaurant, stopping here to greet a new arrival, there to answer a question.

"Tonight's tour is for my regular people," he explained. "That's why there are so many of them. I have a mailing list of 2,500. When I get a good name like Mae West, I run the same tour more than once. Next week I'll have one from an ad in the *Sun-Times*. That ought to be pretty big, too. I advertise in all the papers from time to time, but that one always seems to draw the most customers."

He stepped to a nearby table and yakked it up with the women sitting there, all of whom seemed to be old acquaintances. A girl in her twenties, wearing earmuffs, came up behind him and squealed his name. He turned around and kissed her. Then he began talking to the veteran tourists at the table again. One of them asked him where the ladies' room was. "I don't know," he said, "I've never been there." He relayed the question audibly to a waitress 20 feet away, received an answer and asked the women at the table, "You all want to go?" They all giggled. He laughed in a characteristic way — an extended rumble something like muffled anti-aircraft fire.

Worth downed part of his drink and talked about the technique of getting scores of people to three different night clubs in time to see full shows. "We'll have three chartered CTA buses," he said, "and they give us good service. The clubs like our business and they usually arrange their shows to fit our schedule — except for the Chez, and even they hold it a little bit sometimes.

"I give all the tips. I make about two dollars a person except when I get too generous and tip too much. Then I make only about a dollar and a half. I used to run travel tours to Mexico and French Canada. I had mostly women then, too. Most men don't like to spend the money it takes for a night out. And women are afraid to go in night clubs unescorted.

"They get four drinks — one at the Club Hollywood, one at the Waikiki and two at the Chez. Of course I usually have about four times that many. This is an erratic thing, but I enjoy it. I guess you have to be an erratic person.

"After these Mae West tours it'll be Lent and fewer people will be going. We'll visit more intimate places, like the Gaslight club, maybe." One of the bus drivers came into the restaurant and Worth greeted him effusively. "He's been with me three years," he said, "wonderful fellow." Worth calls nearly all people wonderful or sweet or lovely, and he usually seems to mean it.

"I've been doing some tours for conventions," said the host. "Once I had 300 insurance adjusters. I used to have wonderful tours before I discovered night life. Once I had a walking tour with 150 women. It ended at the Institute of Design. Moholy-Nagy was

Diana aims an arrow over the heads of Worth's tourists as they dine at Tracy's on north Michigan. His night life excursions customarily begin at a large restaurant, then move to cabarets for floor shows or to summer theaters.

photographs by Don Bronstein

there then and he just knocked himself out telling them all about the place.

"At the very beginning, I used to give sociological tours, mostly to the various nationality sections. They're dispersing now, tho, and I can't give those tours much anymore.

"I think they have nice soup here.

"I used to have a poetry magazine called *Also*. It was very esoteric. It had two issues about four years ago. And then I run the Art Circle on Deming place, of course. Max Bodenheim lived there a couple years ago. It's like a theatrical rooming house. We have 22 people living there now. There are several actors from the Playwrights Theater club, a writer who just published a book, a couple of painters. Everybody who lives there leaves some work of art around to be remembered by."

Worth, who has been married twice but isn't now, addresses all his female customers as "dahling." When one had trouble putting on her coat he admonished, "Get everything on, dahling; this isn't the Calumet City tour." Another questioned whether there would be enough room on the buses. "You can sit on my lap, dahling," he told her. A third wanted to know if the buses would be warm. He was reassuring: "Well, if they aren't you'll warm them up, dahling."

THE PIED PIPER of the cafe circuit displayed a scrapbook of ads for his earlier tours. A $10 evening had included dinner at Ricketts on Chicago avenue, a visit to Salt Creek summer theater where Wally Cox was playing, and the show at the Club DeLisa in Bronzeville. There was a George Jessel tour priced at $13 that embraced dinner at Chiam's restaurant in Chinatown, a visit to the Buddhist temple there, a souvenir from the community, then the shows at the Gay Nineties bar in the La Salle hotel, the Moulin Rouge and the Chez Paree, where Peggy Lee was on the bill with Jessel. An entire evening at Papa Bouche's Villa Venice, complete with gondola ride and two floor shows, was sold for $14. A $10 survey of the Calumet City disrobing salons began with dinner at the Cal City Pizzeria.

"Once," said Worth, "I had a tour called the University of the Sky. I'd take a small group up in a chartered plane and lecture on a mike about the ecology of Chicago while we flew over it. I gave it up when the plane crashed on the day after one of the tours.

"About half of these people here tonight have been on five to ten tours with me before. Most of them are married." He remembers scores of names. "Evelyn," he'd say, "get your ticket out. How are you, Dorothy?"

Worth's dinner got cold as he talked and attended to business, and the plate was finally taken away untouched. About 8:15 he scooped up a stack of mimeographed song sheets and began herding his minions toward the buses. There were more on the tour than he had expected and about five had to stand on each bus. None of them complained. He appointed song leaders and distributed song sheets for each bus, then got on the first one and stood near the front.

"When Carl comes in, let's give him a big hand," said Worth. The bus driver who had been in the restaurant appeared and was duly cheered.

The bus began rolling and the guests started singing, sometimes in small conflicting groups. They opened with *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* and *A Bicycle Built for Two*, then got to *The Old Gray Mare* and *Springtime in the Rockies*. Worth walked back and forth in the aisle, alternately razzing and encouraging the vocalists: "You're lousy singers, all of you . . . Come on, dahling . . . We've got two tours here, one in the front of the bus and one in the back."

He stood in the door well toward the rear, calling out numbers of songs and singing along himself. Spotting a girl sitting on the lap of one of the few male tourists, he said, "This costs you two dollars extra for making love on the bus." When the entire bus rendered *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* he pronounced it "Very nice, darn nice," with an air of solemn conviction.

"The first tours I ever gave," Worth recalled, "were in the thirties, sponsored by the WPA and the Board of Education for college students. Later

on I gave tours for the *Downtown Shopping News.* We had art tours, Chinatown tours, tours of the mansions. When the paper failed, I took over the tours on my own. I started advertising in the dailies and building up a mailing list. Then I had a radio show for a while on WJJD called *Strange Customs Around the World* and a television program on WBKB: *Discover Chicago with Jac Worth.*

"The most wonderful tour I ever had was the *Knock on Any Door Tour.* I gave a painting to Willard Motley and he liked it so much he offered to go on a tour of all the places he went when he wrote the book. Altogether we had five tours thru the West Side. They were walking tours, up and down alleys. Motley went along each time and recapitulated what happened when he was working on the book. We met people he'd known when he was in that neighborhood."

After the riders exhausted the material on the song sheet, they began performing their own selections. There was *Heart of My Heart,* then an imitation of Sophie Tucker, then *Melancholy Baby.*

A woman said, "You heard about the fella called his girl melancholy? She had a head like a melon an' a face like a collie." She got general laughter.

The buses pulled up at the Club Hollywood at Belmont and River road at 9 p.m. The arrival was roundly applauded by their passengers, who streamed into the place and were told by the manager to sit wherever they wanted to. The Club Hollywood is one vast room with a balcony on three sides. Worth's party absorbed most of the main floor. The waitresses began the formidable task of providing them all with drinks. Some of the women got up and danced together. Worth obtained a drink at the bar and looked around expansively. "This relaxes me and transforms me," he declared. "It's so different from my regular life. Most of the time I paint and write. I'm going to have an exhibit of mobiles at the College of Complexes soon.

"I'm not sure how old I am; I think 34. I was born on the South Side and went to Hyde Park. Then I was a vagabond at the University of Chicago for three and half years. I audited all kinds of courses but never registered. I had nightmares thinking I'd be apprehended. I was very sociological in those days. I pioneered field trip courses for students. I used to charter 'L' trains for Teachers college tours."

While Worth was talking, the master of ceremonies had begun the show by acknowledging the presence of the tour. This action was applauded vigorously, as were the acts: a father and daughter trick roller skating team, a baby-faced coloratura who sang musical comedy and operetta numbers, and an acrobatic dancing team whose male member doubled as a contortionist. The m.c. then gave himself a glowing introduction and began a comedy act consisting of remarkably clean material that was vastly appreciated by the audience. When he donned a Persian lamb hat and did a Russian bit the women broke up, undisturbed by the fact he made contemporaries of comrades and czars.

The show ended at 10:15 and Worth hurried his charges onto the buses. He'd had a fourth one sent out, so no one needed to stand on the way back into town. The return trip contained less singing and more quiet talk than the journey out.

The buses got to the Waikiki at 11 o'clock. The tourists filed in quickly, grabbing free post cards from a stack on a counter. Trays of tropical cocktails with little Japanese parasols on the straws were awaiting their onslaught. Many of the women crowded around a "South Seas Trading Post" at one end of the club where Hawaiian clothes and bric-a-brac were sold. Many others visited the wahines' room. Staples in the performance here were hula girls and a man who played a game similar to patty-cake called a Samoan tribal dance. The show-stopper was a very fat fellow who did a burlesque of a hula. At 11:45 the group departed thru a doorway marked "to the mainland." Several women told the headwaiter things like "We sure enjoyed your show."

Twenty minutes later the tiring tourists were overtaxing the intimate elevator at the Chez Paree. The show here turned out to be pretty much anticlimactic. There were the inevitable tap dancer, a clever young comedian a little too elusive for his audience, and assorted sterile vulgarities by an ill-preserved Mae West and a group of poorly coordinated weight lifters.

Worth talked about his latest enterprise. "You know the nationality neighborhoods are disappearing. Well, some of us feel nostalgia for the Old World folk customs. There's been a revival of native folk singing and dancing lately, but the European cultures our ancestors brought over are disappearing. Well, we're forming Jac Worth's Folk festival and incorporating not for profit. First we'll compile a directory of nationality groups, not only in Chicago but in the hinterlands, too. We'll have a quarterly publication. We'll hire halls for small festivals weekly or monthly and big ones every year. The main thing will be participation. Folk festivals have been held before, but they've just been parades of acts across a stage. At ours everybody'll dance and we'll all have fun."

Worth's guests, most of whom are women, cherish souvenirs of their noctural revelry like the lei worn by the girl at left. Their genial, fun- and games-loving host promotes community singing on the bus trips between night clubs.

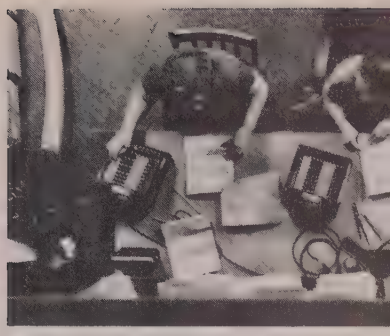
As soon as the polls close, hundreds of exp

ELECTION NIGHT

by Robert and Jean Shebs

Two hours after the polls closed on hottest local primary race in 15 y radio, TV and the early papers ported that Kennelly would lose to ley by 100,000 votes. A week later official count bore them out. The porters had not just made a ha guess. They got the figure from City News Bureau, which has cov every local election exhaustively inexhaustibly since 1890, the yea was set up as a news gathering for the local dailies. A big elec count involves 475 workers, 8, phone calls, 200,000 sheets of pa 300,000 tabulations. By 3 p.m. the of the primary, the council chambe City hall, where the press tally made, was readied: comptometers been installed on aldermen's desks the setup checked by Stanley Ked City News' ubiquitous and possibly dispensable factotum for 22 years

Polls, such as the 18th precinct of the 46th ward (upper left) closed at 5 p.m., and where voting machines were used (in two-thirds of the 4,157 precincts) totals were available immediately. Veteran police telephone operators absorb the first rush of returns. Grouped in a committee room near the council chamber, the operators hand their reports to Frank Cotteleer (standing), telephone company supervisor. The phones provide a three-hour jump on written returns delivered later. At 5:09 p.m., City News put out its first bulletin: Daley 43, Kennelley 104, in the 1st precinct of the 1st ward.



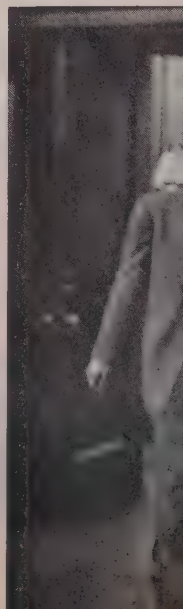
gin a vast, fast job that delivers the count to the waiting city

-- How the Big Story Breaks

photographs by Lee Balterman and Don Bronstein

Police guard entrances to the council chamber and its environs all evening. The password is "American Calculating service," as dozens of champion comptometer operators, recruited from business offices all over town, file to their places at the aldermen's desks. The mayor's chair, symbol of the contest being resolved by the count, is occupied by Richard Gershman (far upper left, white shirt), City News police reporter, who spent the evening phoning statistics to a teletype operator for relay to radio and TV stations. Dark-suited man in front of him is an unusually well dressed copy boy. In the press seats facing the chamber are (right) auditors who check comptometrists' figures, and (center, dark tie) Walter Ryberg, City News assistant city editor, handling copy on aldermanic races. Desk men write okayed totals with a stylus on wax sheets. Copy flows around semicircle for final check by Lawrence Mulay, city editor, then a runner takes it to duplicating machines set up in corridor.

Slips with totals from the precincts are rushed by copy boys to the council chamber, where 15 women sorters ready them for the comptometrists. Mrs. Helen Van Hoy is one of them.

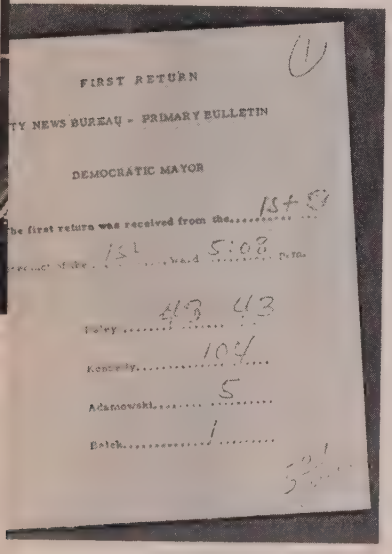


KENNELLY DEFEAT

IT'S DALEY VS. MERRIA

Daley Is Nomin

Only 2½ minutes elapse from the time copy leaves "the desk" and arrives in city rooms of major newspapers. Copy boys and their boss, known in sum as "the back room," work in a frenzy of speed. Plaid-shirted boy, Tom Sharkey, adjusts cyclograph that turns out purple-inked copy, and Steve Seaburg waits to distribute it. At left is Tony Kedzior, 76, "back room" superintendent for 26 years. Below, bulletin No. 1. Copy goes to 18 destinations; to newspapers thru pneumatic tubes.



FIRST RETURN

TY NEWS BUREAU - PRIMARY BULLETIN

DEMOCRATIC MAYOR

The first return was received from the 1st P

1st ward 5:08 p.m.

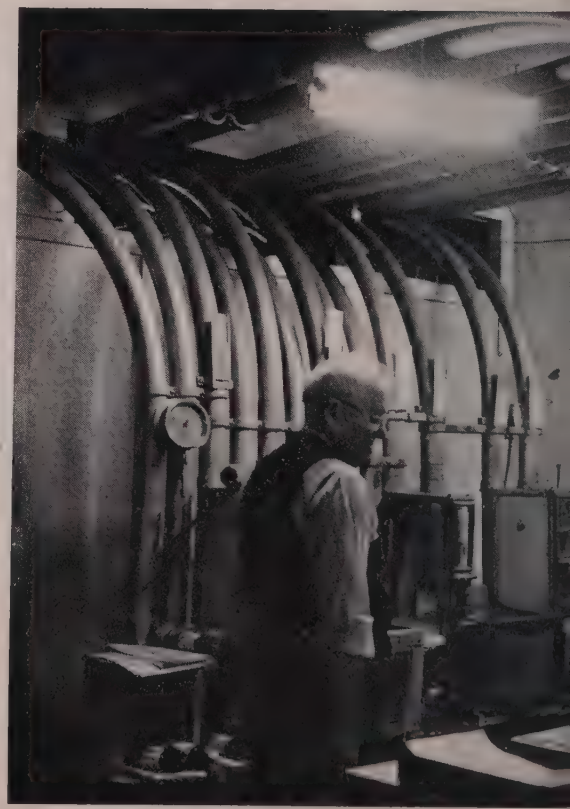
Daley 43 43

Kennelly 10

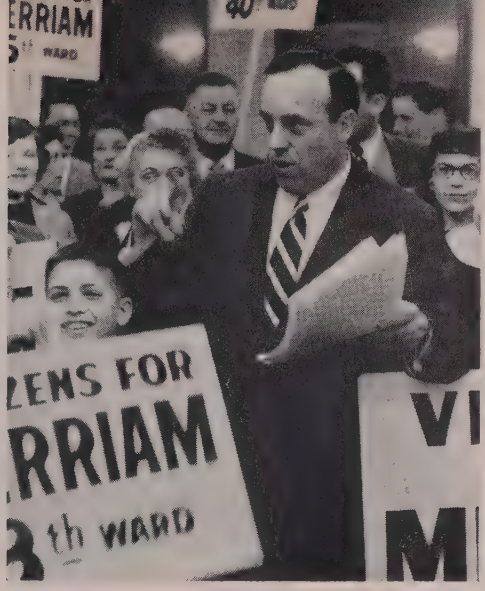
Adamowski 5

Balek 1

From basement room at 188 west Randolph, where Texas Guinan had a night club in 1910, City News Bureau tubes spread like a capillary system under down-town streets, buildings and the river. George McGuire (left) and Les Heydenburg stand ready to pounce on tube carrier from the County building press room and transfer copy to carriers that go to papers. Trip to **Tribune**, 1¼ miles away, takes three minutes. Tube room is headed by Frank Fitzpatrick (below) who has been with the organization 54 years.



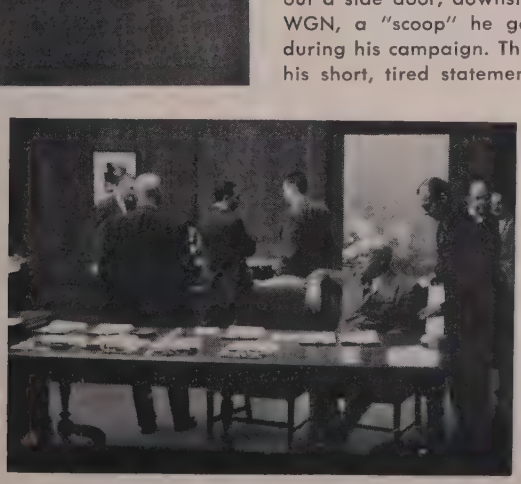
diate access to bulletins at center is given to runners ajor candidates who line up ceive pages as they are run unners are an assortment of cal workers and students for the evening.



In political headquarters, election copy traced the success or failure of pre-primary campaigns. Robert E. Merriam, his victory on Republican ticket clinched, reads off results to campaign workers. At his elbow is son Oliver, 11.

For Richard J. Daley, too, the return brought word of success. Tho smilin thruout the evening, the Democrati organization candidate looked like thi before making victory statement.

Mayor Kennelly, who had spiritedly defied the Democratic machine, go bulletins in his office, where the hushed atmosphere of defeat gradually gathered. The mayor, in private, took it hard. Some 30 news men were assigned to cover him, and about 8 p.m. they began closing in. He gave them the slip twice. While they waited for him in an outer office (above) he was escaping quietly down the hall (left). In ten minutes he came back saying he would make a statement shortly. They followed him as far as the room next to his private office (below) and waited. Again he slipped out a side door, downstairs to a committee room where he conceded over WGN, a "scoop" he gave the **Tribune** in return for its strong suppor during his campaign. The tiny room (below, right) was jammed as he made his short, tired statement. Then he went back upstairs to face the music



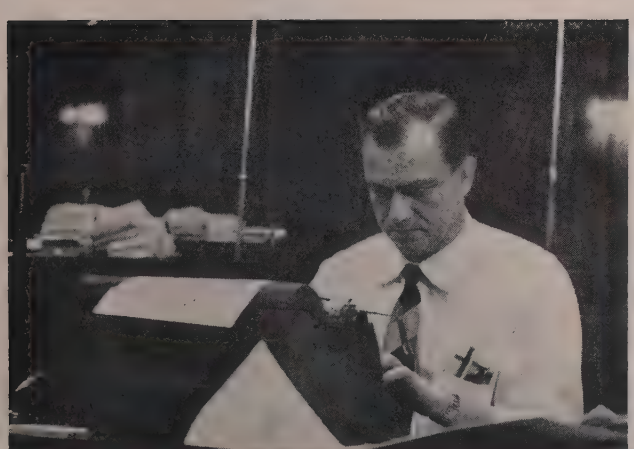
A photographer who squeezed into the mayor's elevator, just after the WGN statement, held his camera over his head and got a study in let-down (left). Back in his office (above), the newsreels, radio men, reporters and photographers finally got him. He made his concession statement again and added firmly he would not answer questions. They asked anyway and finally he answered "What will you do now?" with "I don't know."

As soon as the major race is resolved, the tension lifts a little, but there are also 56 other simultaneous elections in the primary. There are contests for alderman in 41 of the city's 50 wards. The man who bears ultimate responsibility for City News' election coverage is Isaac Gershman (above), managing editor. Gershman is tense, quick, tireless and has evolved short cuts that have been picked up by other cities. At typewriter is his secretary, Marie Davidson. Gershman stays thruout the long night on most elections, occasionally checking back to the bureau's office where 24-hour coverage of local news goes on as usual.

Three tired runners wait between bulletins which, as the hours lengthen, come farther and farther apart. These boys are part of a relay team taking copy upstairs to be tubed — they make it into a game of pitch, a boy at each turn in the corridor. On nights such as this, copy boys' errands for coffee and cigarettes are endless.

Toughing out the late returns, workers in the council chamber have comfortable chairs but boys at the copy center have only one stiff bench. At 2 a.m., John Eulenberg (left) piles into a hand truck to read, and Seaburg and Sharkey (above) occupy the bench. Most of the copy boys had worked all the preceding day, and many go to school as well. All are ambitious to become reporters, and after a day's work will make the rounds with police reporters whenever they can get permission.

After press count is finished, poll worker Sam Nash arrives at City hall, returning voted lots for election board's count and looking an illustration for a civics textbook.



Effects of long day and night are visible on face of Stanley Kedzior as he types the last page of election copy (below). After the last comptometer was silent and the desk men had all quit, Tony and Stanley (who are father and son) helped copy boys haul equipment away. They would be doing it all over again April 5.

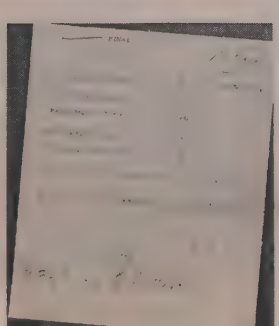
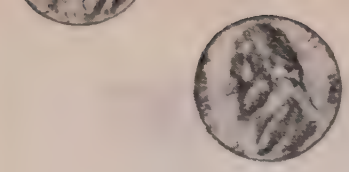


Photo credits, left to right: pages 20, 21, 22, Balterman p.23, first 2, Balterman, others Bronstein; p.24, Bronstein Bronstein, Balterman, Bronstein; p.25, first 3, Bronstein above, Balterman.



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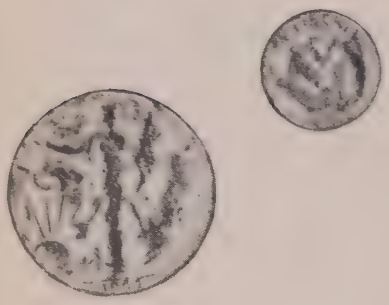
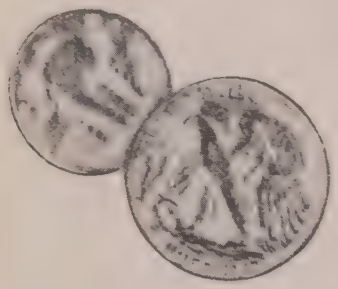


An analysis of the going rate for a general election — based on a candidate's ledger



The first Illinois Senator named Douglas had it relatively easy as far as campaigning was concerned. All Stephen A. had to do was go around the state debating one of the most effective orators in American history. Paul H., like other politicians of the present day, has campaign problems which differ in kind but not in severity. The financial cost of running for office in 1955 is huge. At every level of government it exceeds the salary of the office sought. And in the case of a federal office, unrealistic limits on campaign expenditures are implemented by law.

Thus in the last campaign Senator Douglas had to keep his personal expenditures below $25,000 or face corrupt practices charges. But it has been estimated that $200,000 was spent on his behalf by citizens' groups supporting his candidacy, another $250,000 by labor committees and other backers outside the Democratic party, and perhaps an additional $500,000 by the party and its various units thruout the state, for a total of about $1,000,000.

The complicated organization of a U. S. Senatorial campaign makes it difficult to piece together an accurate tabulation of where the money came from and where it went. However, a candidate who ran for a Cook county office last November has made available for this article a complete run-down on the sources and destinations of his campaign funds. The candidate — to be known hereinafter as Harrison because that is a good political name but not his — offered the information in the hope of helping to educate the public on three points: 1) that a man who seeks elective office usually has to sacrifice money as well as family and social life; 2) that most candidates must get money from somewhere in order to finance their campaigns, and 3) that people who want good government ought to put up some of that money.

The infeasibility of Harrison financing his own campaign is made obvious by two fundamental facts: It cost about $55,000, and the office he sought pays less than $20,000 a year before taxes.

Harrison had been prepared to run his campaign for $25,000 if it proved necessary. That would have been an exceptional bargain, because even the amount he spent is relatively modest for a county-wide race. Only $5,000 of his own money went into the campaign fund. He received about $42,000 in contributions, all of which, he said, came from personal friends. The remainder of approximately $8,000 consisted of indirect contributions. For example, an uncle gave him a quantity of paper worth about $2,000. A friend bought him a large supply of book matches, several others

design by Susan Karstrom

by Alan Whitney

purchased advertising for him and some had window placards made up on his behalf.

The $42,000 that constituted the bulk of the war chest came mostly in small amounts ranging upward from $5. One friend gave Harrison $1,000 at the beginning of the campaign and an equal amount toward the end. This was the biggest single donation. Altogether there were 695 contributions, for an average of just over $60.

None of Harrison's campaign funds came from his party's political organization. The ward committeemen need all the money they can get to finance the grass roots campaigning for the ticket as a whole, which is their primary function. The central committee not only doesn't provide money; it receives contributions from candidates and office holders to run its headquarters and to buy radio, newspaper and television advertising for the party slate.

Harrison said the personal friends who provided most of his financial backing were not in positions where they might derive particular personal benefits from government. None of them had such possible channels of special privilege as businesses that receive municipal contracts, for instance.

In campaigns for top offices and some which cover smaller areas, candidates often give a nominal sum to each precinct captain of their party in order to spur them on and enable them to treat the fence-straddling voter to an extra beer. For an aldermanic candidate, who runs in one ward with about 100 precincts, this is not too great a financial strain. For Harrison, tho, it clearly would have been impossible. There are about 5,000 precincts in Cook county, and only $10 spent in each would have cost more than the total of his campaign funds.

ALTHO HE avoided that expense, Harrison found plenty of other places to get rid of the $47,000 available for direct use. The $5,000 of his own money was devoted chiefly to more or less personal expenses. Transportation was a big item in this category. In the two months before the election a candidate has to make ward and township meetings thruout the county, often five or six of them a night, and his car eats up a lot of gas and oil in the process. Politicians are considered fair game as contributors to church and charity groups, purchasers of tickets to children's plays and advertisers in school yearbooks. And a candidate has to give a luncheon or two for groups of ward and township committeemen. After the election, Harrison spent $1,200 on a reception for his supporters.

The candidate divided his regular campaign expenses into five categories. The largest consisted of general advertising, which took 40 per cent of the $42,000. Billboard and newspaper advertising accounted for most of this expenditure. Harrison had 80 of the regular billboards which carry printed posters, and two painted ones. The latter cost $350 a month apiece, even tho they were not in the best locations.

Twenty-one per cent of the basic campaign fund went for mailing, with postal distribution of brochures taking most of it.

Political contributions took 17 per cent of the total. This figure included donations to the central committee and to ward and township organizations in the form of ticket purchases for picnics, ads in program books, door prizes and similar items.

Printing of pamphlets, cards and stationery consumed 14 per cent of the fund. Eight per cent went for office expenses, including phone bills, other utilities and salary for the necessary personnel.

Candidate Harrison couldn't afford any television advertising. This is an extremely expensive item, which is one of the reasons why the cost of running for mayor of Chicago is placed at $500,000 to $1,500,000. With four serious candidates in this year's mayoral race, a tidy sum must be circulating. The mayor's salary is $25,000 a year.

Art in religion:
the famed choristers
of Old St. Mary's church

The Paulist

by Dan Smyth

Of the 404 Roman Catholic parishes in the Chicago archdiocese, the oldest is probably the only one with no permanent congregation. It is bounded by the lake on the east, Roosevelt road on the south, and the curving river on the north and west. It would seem that the seat of this Loop parish should be St. Peter's, the impressive marble edifice on Madison street, where thousands of office workers line up twelve abreast to get in on holy days. But it is not.

Instead, the parish is governed by the Paulist Fathers, whose agreement the Franciscans had to get before they could build St. Peter's. The Paulists, meanwhile, offer their masses in Old St. Mary's at 9th and Wabash, an ancient stone structure backed up against the Standard Oil building, in a neighborhood which raises alarms rather than families. The old church was built before the Great Fire, in 1868, and was originally Baptist.

Having no parishioners except a few permanent roomers in the big Michigan avenue hotels, Old St. Mary's runs along without the Holy Name society, the Altar & Rosary society and the young people's sodalities that help the pastor in most parishes. Yet, Old St. Mary's is filled every Sunday.

It has two features which draw followers from other parishes and transients in town for the week end. One is the eloquence of the Paulist community's preachers. The other is a choir famous in the concert halls of Europe and thruout North America, a group of about 100 carefully screened male voices led by a gifted conductor who after 37 years is almost legendary.

Every year, devotees of the best in ecclesiastical music pay a fancy price to hear the Paulist Choristers of Chicago in great auditoriums. But you could hear the same any Sunday for nothing. The choir was organized to assist at 12 o'clock mass in Old St. Mary's, to which admission is free. Within the next few years it will sing in a new church to be built by the Paulists several blocks north on Wabash.

My own knowledge of the Paulist choir is from the inside. For 22 years, off and on, I've been booming along in the back row, doing what I could to help hold up the second bass line. It's a long trip from my home in Lombard, but we have a baritone who comes all the way from Elgin, and some sopranos come from Indiana.

In October, 1932, I first heard the choir at the University of Notre Dame where I was a student. The choristers gave a concert in Washington hall — it was my first experience with the incomparable fluty soprano tone which Felix Borowski has described as "of etherealized purity not often to be heard in this country."

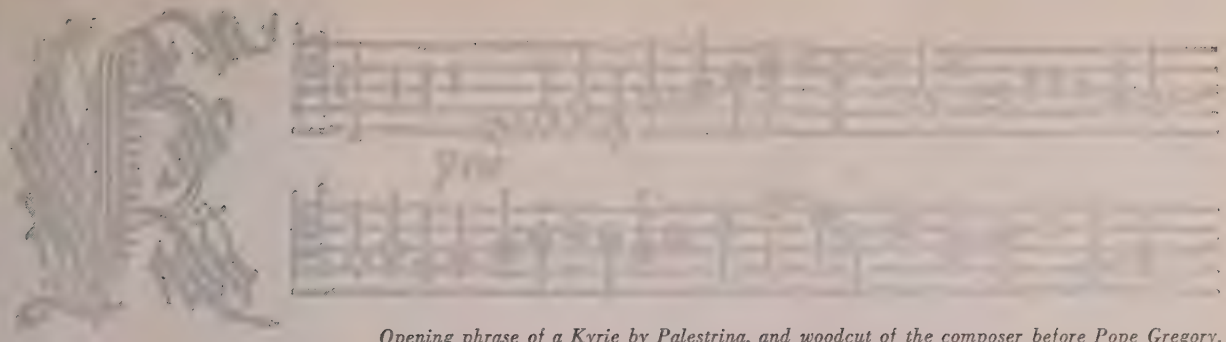
As the boys' voices, blending like organ pipes, rose to a high climax in Grieg's *Ave Maris Stella,* I had a feeling, a spiritual elation, that stirred me in a manner I can't describe. It was innocence translated into sound.

Two months later, I quit school and came home to work in my Dad's office. With the help of a friend who knew Father Eugene F. O'Malley, the choir's conductor, I applied for an audition.

Father O'Malley invited me to come in on a rehearsal night for a tryout. He was tuning up his sopranos as I arrived in the hall, a little narrow room under the church, lined with old-fashioned wooden stalls carved with the initials of a thousand departed choir boys.

I was astonished at the rehearsal procedure, which is the same to this day, and still in the same small room. Father O'Malley, slight, sharp-featured and jerky, had seemed tense in concert performance, but I had not been prepared for the shouting, gesticulating dynamo who bounced on the piano stool, playing the accompaniment with his left hand as he pointed with the other at unlucky youngsters he accused of being off pitch.

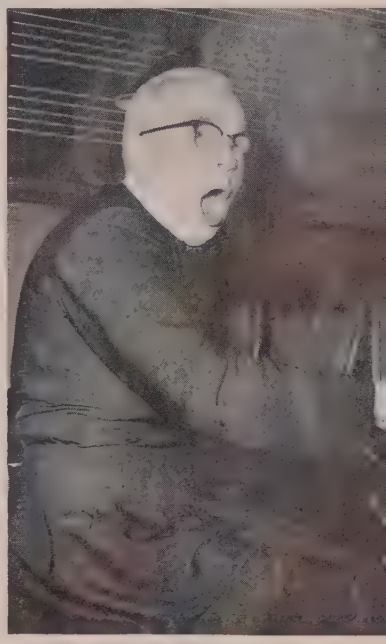
To my own uneducated ear, the first and second sopranos appeared to be in perfect thirds in the beautiful opening movement of Rachmaninoff's *Praise Ye the Lord.* But the shirtsleeved priest, perspiring with his collar open, started and stopped the music a dozen times, shrieking the names of boys who had missed their leads or intervals, or who had let their attention



Opening phrase of a Kyrie by Palestrina, and woodcut of the composer before Pope Gregory, reproduced on the opposite page, are from a 16th century volume of Palestrina's masses.

Choir

photographs by Russell V. Hamm



Rehearsing 50 soprano boys in a little basement room in which "the notes bounce off the ceiling," Father Eugene O'Malley plays piano and sings soundlessly. Chalk circle on blackboard is reminder to keep chins down to facilitate a round, open tone.

wander for a split second.

As the men arrived, the general rehearsal of all voices began, and I sat in the back row. Unlike the simple glee club music I knew, the scores rehearsed included old English madrigals, a fast-moving Bach fugue and polyphonic motets. There were songs in six or eight different languages. I was ready to throw in the sponge then and there.

After the rehearsal, Father O'Malley ran me up and down the scale on "Ah."

"You have a good voice," he said. "It is defective at the top. You should study and clear it up. Can you read at all? Try this Kyrie."

I tried. I failed.

"One of our basses gives lessons," Father said. "See him, and come to rehearsal. In about a month you will be ready to sing with the choir."

So I took lessons for a year, and the top of my voice went up almost half an octave. At rehearsals I soaked up the repertory in spite of myself. There were five other second basses, and the six of us made more than enough sound to balance off six baritones, 15 tenors, 20 counter-tenors and about 50 sopranos.

As I absorbed the repertory, I gradually learned the choir's history. It had been founded in 1904 by Rev. William J. Finn, who still lives and was introduced from the floor on Ed Sullivan's TV show recently.

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago

World famous Paulist choir resulted from a revolution in Catholic church music. Father William J. Finn (end of second row), founder and conductor from 1904 to 1918, led this group, which includes Judge John F. Keeley, center of front row. Home of the choir is Old St. Mary's church, at 9th and Wabash.

owe their beginning to the encyclical, *Motu Proprio,* of 1903 in which Pope Pius X, who is now a saint, set forth certain points in the church law regarding music. After this, choirs of men and women were replaced by choirs of men and boys. The repertory is mostly music that was originally intended to be sung by men and boys, and the interpretation is thus a purer one. Gregorian chant, the music of the Palestrinesque school, and choral works by those moderns who retain the musical discipline of the church classics may be sung.

FATHER FINN, not yet ordained, was still plain Mr. Finn when he came to Chicago and sent out a call for volunteers for a boy choir. One little boy, nine years old, answered the call. He was John F. Keeley, later assistant to the probate judge of Cook county.

The Christian Brothers of De La Salle high school supplied some more candidates, and also the first robes used. Father Finn's new choir developed so rapidly that he entered the concert arena only three years later. Soloist at the first concert in Orchestra hall was a youngster who is now Msgr. James Kearn, pastor of St. Matthew's church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

As the choristers' fame grew, they began touring. In 1910 they won first prize in a national choir contest in Philadelphia. In 1912 they went to Europe, sang before Pope Pius X and won first prize against the greatest choirs of the world in a competition at Paris.

In 1918, while touring North America to raise money for stricken France, the choir lost its regular accompanist in Helena, Montana, where she came down with a sudden illness. Eugene O'Malley at that time had just moved up from the soprano to the countertenor section, a boy of 16 who hoped to become a pianist.

"Let's see if those lessons have done you any good," Father Finn told him. "Tonight you are the accompanist of the Paulist choir."

Young O'Malley was a conspicuous success, thereby launching his musical career.

When Father Finn went to New York to found a new Paulist choir in 1918, he took O'Malley along as assistant director. He became a boy prodigy of the musical world, founded a choir of his own at St. Gregory's and made a name as an organist.

Still in his teens, he felt he had to decide whether to become a professional musician or a priest. His difficult choice was to give up music and his worldly successes, and enter the priesthood. This decision was the central theme in a movie, *Going My Way,* which starred Bing Crosby some years ago as Father O'Malley.

He entered St. Paul's in Washington, D. C., as a seminarian. But in 1925 he learned he was destined for a musical career after all. The Paulist Superior General told him he could go to Europe to study. The order spared no expense. He studied Gregorian chant as the last private pupil of the aged Dom Mocquereau of the Abbey of Solesmes, then the world's greatest authority on Gregorian chant. He studied in London under Sir Richard Terry, choirmaster of Westminster cathedral. He worked with Joseph Bonnet, the late French organist, and studied polyphony with Msgr. Casimiri in Rome. He listened to every great boy choir in the world — and learned. "And Father Finn," he adds. "I had a great teacher, too, in Father Finn."

In 1928, he returned to conduct the choir in which he once had been a soprano. A few oldtimers recognized the slender cleric who faced them. Before the evening was over, they knew who was in charge.

In 1933, which was about where I came in, the choir sang a series of concerts at the Century of Progress exposition. Thruout the depression they sang at the annual "Night of Stars" benefit arranged for the poor by Mayor Kelly. During World War II, they sang for members of the armed forces and gave concerts for bond campaigns.

High point of every year is the choir's annual concert — this year, the 51st, it will be held at 8:30 p.m. May 10 at Orchestra hall. Tours occur occasionally — "when business is good." Last year the golden anniversary tour included a sell-out in Chicago's Orchestra hall, with over $9,000 in gate receipts and raves from the critics. The choir appears in fee performances occasionally, at weddings, funerals or other public events.

Father O'Malley debated with himself somewhat before accepting an invitation to conduct the choir before the 1952 Republican national contion in the International amphitheater.

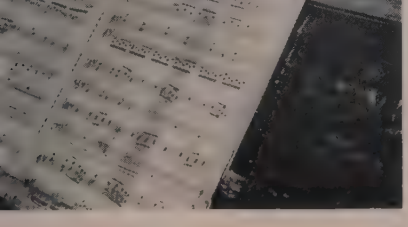
He finally took it, as a fee performance. His singers brought the convention cheering to its feet with *The Star-Spangled Banner.* President Eisenhower sent him a note of congratulations from the White House in 1953 on his silver jubilee as conductor.

The city of Chicago presented him with a laudatory resolution introduced by Ald. P. J. "Parky" Cullerton, a onetime probationer in the soprano

e, **Going My Way,** was made about O'Malley, who has conducted the choir 928, with Bing Crosby in the role of sical priest.

os in rehearsal. They learn the church's most beautiful and most difficult music, ust sing in seven languages. They re- eight hours a week all winter, spend nths at a Wisconsin camp in summer.

sal hall is lined with stiff-back choir carved with initials and dates since Walls are lined with framed photo- of the robed choir in concert pose, and ts of soprano soloists of past decades.



section. Pope Pius XII rounded out the festive year by honoring Father O'Malley with the papal medal *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice.*

Now, at 53, Father O'Malley has completely white hair and the unfurrowed brow that is often characteristic of a priest who is content and successful in his role. His bearing is more relaxed than it was 20 years ago. He is a man with two personalities. One — the intense music master whom the boys fear and obey; the other — the man himself, kindly and brilliant. He has spent time since he was 17 composing choral works — he calls them "ditties" — many of which his choristers have sung, but none of which has been published.

Recordings of the choir have occasionally been made, but there are not any on the market. "I wouldn't release them — not good enough," demurred Father O'Malley. "Maybe we'll try again this spring. It is difficult to make an excellent choral recording."

IN HIS 27 YEARS as conductor, he has kept the choir at its pitch of excellence by exhaustive study on his own part and 16 hours of rehearsal a week on the choir's part. He leads his singers into discipline and sensitivity. Tho they come from all walks of life, they often seem to rise above themselves in choir, becoming able to bring to life music that ranges from the inspired precision of Palestrina to the convolutions of Stravinsky.

Father O'Malley's choristers include newspapermen, laborers, lawyers, doctors, teamsters, storekeepers.

A few choristers, such as Bernard Van Hefte, first tenor, are professional singers who use the choir to develop their art. Ray St. Aubin, the present senior chorister of second basses, is a city drain inspector who is probably the foremost funeral singer in town.

The sopranos come from all kinds of backgrounds, too. Any boy can begin at the age of nine, if his voice is clear and healthy in audition, and there is a vacancy in the 20-boy probationers' section. Probation can last up to two years, after which successful boys are promoted to the ensemble. There they get no special consideration, but go right into rehearsal with the already well disciplined older sopranos.

Father O'Malley never talks down to them — his address is a combination of their own jargon ("Okay, you're dragging it up, and I'm trying to get you to stop it!") and undiluted musical terminology ("Watch your production. Just about a *mezzo forte.*"). His only demands on their outside life are that they take care not to catch cold and avoid straining the voice. The warnings and intense instructions he gives are tempestuous and sometimes even ferocious. The few compliments come in a gentle voice.

Every summer, the boys spend two months at camp in northern Wisconsin where they relax and study. There, Father O'Malley rehearses them every day, and between rehearsals looks in on their strenuous sports and games to instruct them to stop shouting.

The boys respect him completely, and the relationship between the Father and his choristers, both old and young, is warm.

One time when I was between jobs, as a newspaper reporter sometimes is, Father O'Malley pressed his friend, the late Dempster MacMurphy, then business manager of the *Daily News,* to look for one for me.

MacMurphy, who was a story in himself, didn't find me employment but did take me to lunch, at which he surprised me with a description of his own feeling about the choir.

"It gives me a lift," he said. "I can't describe it. But when I hear those kids, I forget everything else, and I know for sure there is a Heaven. I wish I knew how to explain it."

I wish I did, too, because I knew what he was talking about. It was the same emotional experience I had felt myself in Washington hall, Notre Dame, in 1932. After 22 years, I still feel it when Father O'Malley silences the tenors, basses and counter-tenors at the Gradual of the Mass and leads the sopranos soaring by themselves in an *Alleluia* he wrote.

Maybe there is a clue to it in the theme song of the choir, a simple and beautiful setting of the *Emitte Spiritum Tuum* by Francis Joseph Schuetky that the choir has made famous.

Every Catholic schoolboy knows the English prayer to the Holy Ghost. It starts, "Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of the faithful," and ends, "Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

The choir sings it in Latin: *"et renovabis faciem terrae."* That's the way I feel when I hear those children sing. God will regenerate our hearts and renew the face of the earth. But maybe MacMurphy and I are the only ones who ever felt it. Nobody else ever told me that.

In & Out of the House

by Donald J. Anderson

signs of spring

As surely as there's a boom in silly hats, and an upturn in the sale of gardening equipment, spring brings out a little crop of giddy design pieces in the decorator shops. Some of them are almost practical, but most are just gay seasonal effusions.

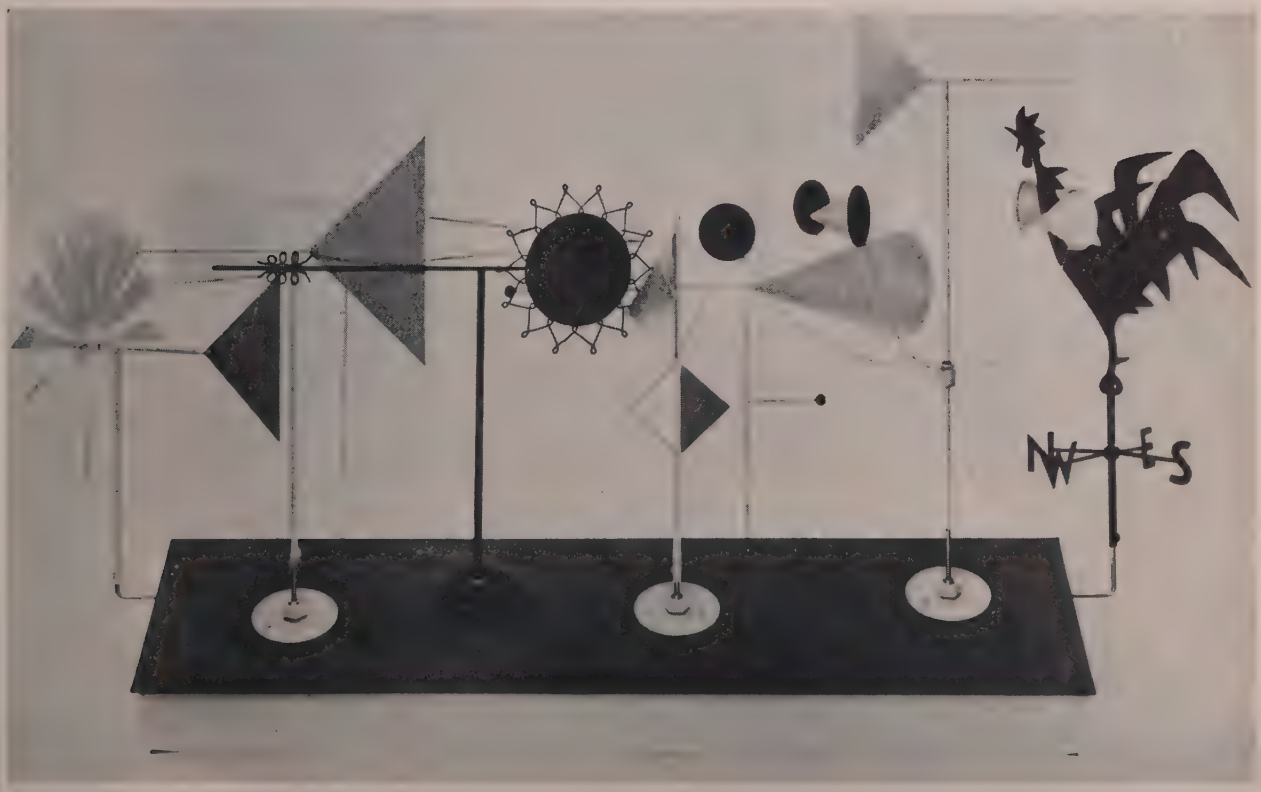
The gourd-like birdhouse above won a "Good Design" award for Malcolm Leland. It's terra cotta, with a pliable plastic cord five feet long; retails at around $10.

All the ceramic items are Italian, made for Raymor and available thru interior decorators. The bird cage candy jar is multicolor on black and white, with gold knob on lid — 6½ inches high and 6½ inches in diameter — $4.80. The cage cookie jar is 10½ inches high and 6½ inches in diameter, black on white glass pottery, $10. The bird vase (could be a pitcher if necessary) is multicolor on white mat pottery with turquoise lining, 6½ inches high and costs $2. The sitting duck pitcher, same finish, is 7 inches high, $4.50; bird pitcher for milk or cream, 5 inches high, $2.50.

Vases above introduce a new feature: slender brass support for a few of the first flowering branches of spring. Large size $8.50, small $5.

Birdhouses on this page are "pre-fab" jobs, molded fiberboard that comes in two halves and many bright colors, $5.

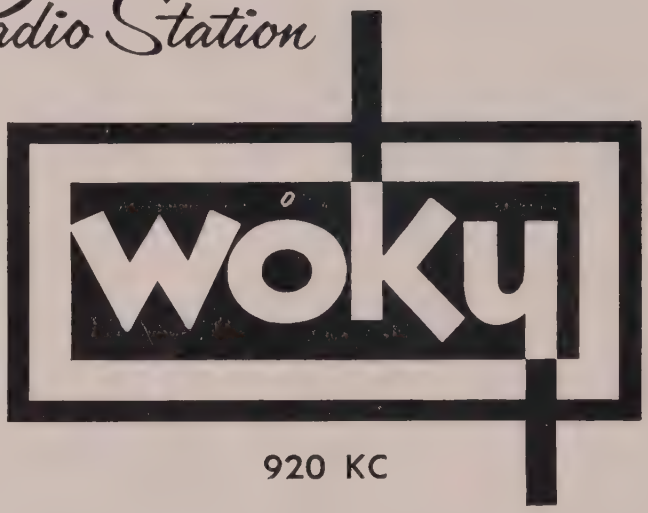
"Weather in the modern vane" is sales slogan of the designs below, by George Nelson. Vanes and birdhouses are available at Field's.



In Chicago . . . it's Chicago Magazine

In Milwaukee it's . . . . . .

Radio Station



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A Letter from Twilling's Psychiatrist

by Oscar Tarcov

drawings by Carl Schranz

Mr. Jack Crabby,
Voice of the Bleachers,
Chicago Journal

Dear Mr. Crabby:

I am Isaiah Twilling's psychiatrist. Yesterday Mr. Twilling came to see me. "Doctor," he said, "you know, if anyone does, that I will never play another game of baseball. I have stated this publicly over and over again. Yet every day I am beseeched to return to the team, and every day I am threatened with violence if I put on a Chicago Pups uniform again. I'm given praise for things I haven't done, and I'm criticized for things that have never happened. I want you to tell my story and your interpretation of it to the whole world. Let's clear this thing up once and for all. Maybe then the fans and the papers will leave me alone."

I hope this letter will help Mr. Twilling retire to the obscurity he desires.

I've had little or no experience in writing for a large popular audience. My only previous publication was a monograph on ambivalence published by the University Press of Utah. This book, may I say, was greeted well, but of course it offered no competition to current psychiatric best-sellers that describe publicly what was confessed secretly. But it is not my intention to discuss myself or the problems of my profession. As Mr. Twilling's psychiatrist, I want to set the record straight about him.

Isaiah Twilling first came to see me about two years ago. He was then a well established and prosperous lawyer, married, the father of two girls and soon to be 39. I was surprised to meet him as a patient. Judging from appearances, he was a well adjusted and happy man, rather small and tending toward stoutness. In general, he looked very much like a 40-year-old lawyer.

During the first four or five visits he told me nothing to change my first impression. I suggested that we end our relationship. "But doctor," he blurted in considerable distress, "the Pups have lost nine in a row and I'm miserable." I, of course, knew that the Pups were a baseball team. "Do you own the team?" I asked.

"Of course not!" he replied.

"Have you been betting on them to win?"

"Never! I never bet on baseball."

"Then why the misery?"

"They're *my* team," Mr. Twilling wailed.

Now you might conclude that Mr. Twilling was a baseball addict who suffered when his team lost and rejoiced and felt fulfilled (men desire to be identified with a larger force) when his team won. He was — but that wasn't his problem.

"My problem," he explained, "is that I don't want to be interested in baseball. I listen to every game even tho I can't afford the time. But I wouldn't be so miserable if that's all I did. You would think that after hearing the game I would be content until the next one was played. But no, I listen to the 6:30 and 7:30 sports reviews; I read and re-read the reports of the game in the evening and morning newspapers; I go over the game in

my mind before I fall asleep. Doctor, my life is diseased! Why should a sensible man spend anywhere from ten to 15 hours a day concerned with a nine-inning baseball game? It's ridiculous! My wife thinks I'm crazy; I think I'm crazy. I want to be done with it. Why should I care if the Pups win or lose? Do you realize, doctor, that I've never seen a game, I've never played baseball, and yet I spend more time and emotion on each game than I spend on my family. I have children and have to plan for their future, but I worry whether Hank Tower will beat Babe Ruth's home run record. Why should I care what happens to Hank Tower? Who is he? I probably would be bored if I ever met him!"

Now I don't think it is ethical for me to relate my analysis of the meaning of baseball in Mr. Twilling's life. It's an interesting analysis, but this isn't the proper forum for its exposition. But I think it relevant to the Twilling controversy to repeat one of the suggestions I made to Isaiah Twilling — without giving my deeper reasons for it.

"Isaiah," I said to him one day, "I think you should go to a baseball game. The actual playing of baseball is unreal to you. If you go to the games, you might become someone who accepts and loves his addiction — and that would be fine — or you might be so bored by the reality behind your addiction that you will become disenchanted and disinfected — which also would be fine."

MR. TWILLING TOOK my advice. But going to the games neither broke his addiction nor made him love the game. He continued to spend what he considered an inordinate amount of time on the destiny of the Pups. "I hate them; I hate baseball," he complained to me, "but I can't fight it."

Now comes an episode that I'm not free to relate frankly. I hate circumlocution but a psychiatrist has professional obligations, you know. Let me put it this way: I have a friend who is in a position to say who plays and who doesn't play on the Pups team. Well, one day I told him about Mr. Twilling's sickness (I didn't identify Mr. Twilling by name, of course). The baseball season was only a few weeks old at the time, and my friend said, "What do you think of this, Doc? I can carry as many men as I want on the team until May 15. If you think reality would be good for your patient, let him put on a uniform and spend a few days in the dugout with the boys. After that he'll either love the game or forget it — which is what he wants to do, you tell me. I'll get one of the boys in the front office to fix up a contract for him for a dollar a year so he'll be allowed in the dugout."

I acquainted Mr. Twilling with this — what I gather to be — unparalleled offer, and he, with some reluctance, accepted. He would do anything to solve his problem.

This is the explanation of Mr. Twilling's first appearance in the Pups' dugout on May 2 of last year. The rest is history, but I would like to go over it as I saw and understood it.

On May 2 the Pups were playing the Braves. It was the 13th game of the season; the Pups had won three and lost nine. But that day, at the end of seven innings they were winning, 15 to 3. Now let's say my friend is the manager. I'm not saying he is, but let's assume it. The first three batters for the Braves in the top of the eighth were right-handed pull hitters; the Pups' right fielder would not come to bat in the eighth unless they scored more runs.

"Twilling," the manager said, "you're playing right field this inning." Twilling was frightened and objected but the manager bullied him into it. Isaiah Twilling was dazed when he heard the loudspeaker blare, "Twilling now playing right field." The first Brave grounded to the shortstop; the second lined to left. The third batter caught the ball at the end of his bat and popped it high into right. Twilling never moved and the ball fell directly in back of him. The center fielder retrieved it and held the fluke hit to a triple. The manager almost yanked Twilling then, but remembering that the score was 15 to 3 in his favor he let him stay in. He evidently thought this would please me. The next Brave struck out.

You remember the last half of the eighth. Twilling was the eighth batter up. He struck out ludicrously but the Pups scored eleven runs in that inning. Twilling stayed in right field in the first of the ninth. The first Brave fouled to the catcher; the second struck out; the third drilled the ball into right. If Twilling had put a glove on the ball it would have been an ordinary single, but by the time the center fielder got it the Brave runner was on third. The fourth batter tried to hit to right but he lined out to center.

The papers were so full of praise for the Pups' 26 to 3 victory that they ignored the presence of Isaiah Twilling in the lineup.

The next day the Pups returned to their usual form. At the end of eight innings they were losing, 16 to 4. Now Twilling, who felt badly that he had contributed nothing the day before but who was thrilled that he had

been in a major league game, secretly hoped that the manager would put him in at the beginning of the eighth. But the manager had forgotten about him. When the Pups finished their useless turn at bat in the eighth, Twilling shylv approached the manager and started to speak. The manager didn't listen to Twilling but he remembered me. "Go out in right field, Twilling. You can't make this any worse."

The Braves scored two more runs on two inside-the-park homers to right that should have been singles. Twilling was the first to bat in the last of the ninth. He hoped that the manager would replace him with a pinch hitter — but he didn't receive a reprieve. He swung at three pitches and struck out. Then eight batters followed who hit safely. The score was now 18 to 9 and the bases were loaded with one out. It was Twilling's turn again. "Go ahead," the manager said. Twilling closed his eyes and let the first pitch go by. It was a ball. He opened his eyes and swung at the next three and struck out for the second out. The fans booed. Then the Pups got seven more successive hits, the last one a homer, which gave them the game, 19 to 18.

The write-ups of that game were charitable to Twilling, completely ignoring his ignoble contributions to the astounding last-ditch victory.

The next day, after eight innings, the Pups were losing the final game of their series with the Braves. The score was 8 to 1, and the lefty, Warren Hahn, had them completely handcuffed. "Go out in right," the manager said to Twilling at the beginning of the ninth. "This is your last fling with reality. Make it good."

The papers had ignored Twilling's fielding but not the Braves' manager,

who had instructed them to hit to right. The Braves scored five runs on terrible errors by Twilling before two of them struck out and one was caught off second by the pitcher. The fans in the right field stands booed Twilling unmercifully. Nonetheless, with the score 13 to 1, Twilling came to bat in the ninth. He struck out twice during that inning, but before he had a chance to fan for the third time, the Pups staged another astounding rally and won the game, 14 to 13. Again Twilling was ignored by the papers as they raved about the power-packed, ninth-inning-miracle Pups.

THE FOLLOWING DAY the Giants came to town for a four-game series. The first game was a pitchers' battle and the score was deadlocked at 2 to 2 at the end of the eighth. The manager ignored Twilling's pleading look and didn't let him play. The Giants won in the tenth on a pinch homer. One of the papers, perhaps yours, had a small headline over the box score: "Where's Twilling?" That was the first time any attention was paid to him in the sports columns.

The Giants won the second game of the series. All of the papers printed above the box score: "Where's Twilling?" One of the sports writers wrote: "Now that the Pups are back in the groove, losing in cousinly fashion to the Giants, why doesn't the manager at least let the fans in right field have some entertainment? Where's Twilling?"

The next day the Pups were losing 7 to 3 going into the ninth. The fans had read the papers and as the Pups took the field, they began chanting, "Where's Twilling? Where's Twilling?" But the manager didn't put him into right. The Pups lost 9 to 4. "Where's Twilling?" the papers again headlined the box score of the Pups' third straight loss to the Giants.

Twilling went into right at the beginning of the ninth of the fourth and last game. The Pups were at the short end of a 6 to 1 score. The Giants' manager evidently hadn't heard about Twilling's total incompetence, so Twilling had only two chances to make errors, which led to one more Giant run, making the score 7 to 1. But this time the fans didn't boo Twilling; they cheered him when he fumbled two easy fly balls. The Pups scored seven runs in the last of the ninth and won the game, 8 to 7.

For the first time, Twilling received a lot of attention in the press. I guess the writers felt that they were responsible for his return to the lineup and, considering that the Pups had salvaged the last game of the Giant series, they treated Twilling with kindly amusement in their stories.

During the last six days of the Pups' home stand, Twilling played in the ninth inning of each game. The Pups won each game, coming from behind in the last of the ninth. Twilling contributed 13 errors in the field, and at bat struck out eight times and popped up to the catcher in foul territory twice.

The Pups' home stand ended on May 15, which was the day the team's roster had to be cut to 25 players. Twilling, of course, was politely given his unconditional release. He was upset by the news but he knew that he had made no contribution to the team, and besides he couldn't afford to leave his law practice to travel with it.

The Pups played 13 games in the East and lost all of them. And they lost the first five games of their new home stand. The papers were pouring unlimited abuse upon the players, the coaches, the manager and the rich absentee owner who answered all criticisms once a month with a copy of his previous month's complacent statement. One of the columnists ended his indictment with the quip: "and anyway, where's Twilling? Who's kidding whom? Without that intrepid right fielder, Mr. IT himself, the Pups don't have it."

It was the ninth inning and the Pups were well on the way to their 19th straight defeat. The memory of Twilling had been revived by the columnist and a handful of fans in right field began to shout, "Where's Twilling? Where's Twilling? We want IT! We want IT!"

Isaiah Twilling was in his law office dictating to his secretary as he watched the game on a television set he had installed there.

THE PUPS LOST their 20th straight game. All the fans in the park shouted from the first inning thru the ninth, "Where's Twilling? We want IT!"

My friend called me after that loss. "I got to be practical," he said. "If we don't break this streak immediately, I'll be out on my ear. If it's all right with you, I'm going to ask your patient Twilling to play a few games with us. I hate to do it to him, but maybe his bumbling in the outfield will distract the fans and the press for a few days and they'll give me a breather."

Twilling was delighted to rejoin the team. An ineffectual relief pitcher was optioned to Des Moines and Twilling was added to the roster. At the beginning of the ninth inning the next day, he went into right. The fans cheered wildly. The score was 17 to 2 against the Pups, but in spite of Twilling's hideous errors and inglorious strike-outs, they established a major league record by scoring 16 runs in the last of the ninth to win, breaking their 20-game losing streak.

That week his picture appeared on the covers of *Life, Look, Time* and *Newsweek. Time* captioned his picture "no field, no hit — but the greatest!"

The Pups went on to win 60 straight ball games, taking over first place from the Giants. Twilling appeared during the ninth inning of each game. His contribution: 123 fielding chances, no put-outs, no assists, 123 errors; 73 times at bat, no hits, no walks, 69 strike-outs, hit into three double plays and fouled out once. All of the Pups' victories were achieved in the ninth inning. The team could be behind 1 to 0 or 15 to 0 — in the ninth they scored as many runs as were necessary to win. For two months it was the most famous and talked about team in baseball, and Isaiah Twilling, who had never made a hit or a put-out, was its most famous player. There was talk of giving him the rookie of the year award and the most valuable player trophy — tho the writers worried how it would be regarded by future generations which studied his record.

But what was Mr. Twilling's feeling during this great 60-game winning streak? Let me relate a conversation we had after the Pups had won their 35th or 36th straight game.

"Doctor," he said, "you were right. Meeting up with reality has changed me. I'm still an addict but I no longer resent it. I love baseball. But I have a new problem now, a nasty, gnawing one. If I'm going to play baseball, I want to be a good player. I don't want to be a freak, a good luck token. I think the manager keeps me in because of baseball superstition — you never break up a winning combination, no matter if there is a weak link in it."

At about the same time the manager had a talk with me. "I'm miserable, Doc," he complained. "My team is in first place; I'm a big hero in the papers; the fans all love me — but I'm a joke among our players and the players on the other teams. The guys feel that I think we're winning because I put Twilling in right field in the ninth inning. But look, Doc, baseball players aren't as superstitious as folks believe. When we lost 20 in a row, it wasn't because Twilling was home filing briefs. The breaks weren't coming our way and the guys weren't hitting. Now that we've won umpteen in a row it isn't because that bumbler is in right field. The way we're hitting now we'd win those games even if Veeck's midget was playing right."

"Why don't you pull him out of the

lineup?" I suggested hesitantly.

"I'm going to do just that," he said emphatically. Then he added nervously, "Of course, I sort of like that guy and I don't want to interfere with his therapy — and, you *do* hate to break up a winning combination."

Neither Twilling nor the manager did anything about their miseries until the Pups won their 60th game in a row. The season at that point was about two-thirds over, and the Pups' nearest rivals, the Giants, were 11½ games behind.

The newspapers in rival cities had begun to pan the Pups. The New York *Times* even ran a two-paragraph front page editorial on the Twilling situation. It read:

> There was a time when baseball was a sport that was distinguished by the skill of its practitioners. But today the sport has degenerated.
>
> New York is once again called upon this weekend to be host to the Chicago Pups. We think New York baseball fans would be well advised to stay away in droves from the series as a sign of disapproval of the Pups' employment of a total incompetent in right field. The Pups are exhibiting extreme bad taste and *nouveau riche* ostentation in flaunting their obvious athletic superiority by using eight players and one middle-aged lawyer on the field.

Copies of the editorial were on the dugout benches when the Pups came to the park in the morning. The Giants perhaps thought this stratagem might be more effective than their starting pitcher. "Nobody is going to tell me how to run my ball club," the Pups' manager sputtered. But he was deeply wounded by the *Times* editorial. Twilling wasn't put into right field in that game. The Pups lost, 3 to 2.

THE PUPS LOST six in a row, with Twilling on the bench during those games, and then they returned to Chicago. During each of these losses, all the Chicago papers featured the same front page headline: "Where's Twilling?" And the same subhead: "The Pups haven't got it without IT."

During the six-game losing streak, the manager had secret meetings with his players — Twilling was unceremoniously excluded — at which he begged and cajoled them to win without the bumbler in the outfield.

When the Pups lost the first game of their home stand — their seventh straight loss — the manager yielded to public protest and announced that Twilling would play the next day.

That night a meeting took place in my office — held at Twilling's insistence — of the manager, Twilling and myself.

The manager declared that he wouldn't buck the fates; Twilling would be returned to right field.

Twilling said he refused to play.

I listened.

Twilling made a good deal of sense. "My wife is ashamed of me; I'm ashamed of myself. It's downright indecent for me to stand out in right field every day simply because my presence seems to produce some magic that makes the Pups win. I practice law because I know something about law. I refuse to play baseball without knowing how to field or bat. I'm a hero to the fans but like no other hero that ever was or will be. The fans go hysterical with happiness when the ball goes thru my legs or over my head, or when I strike out. This is degeneracy! The New York *Times* is right!"

The manager was surprised at Twilling's adamant refusal to play. "You want the team to win, don't you? After all, it doesn't matter who gets the hits or who makes the put-outs. It's the spirit of the team that counts, and it's winning games that matters. I'd field nine jackasses if they could clobber the opposition."

I finally made a suggestion to Twilling. "Why don't you learn how to field and bat? Take lessons or do whatever is necessary."

Isaiah Twilling was stimulated by the thought, and he drove a hard bargain with the manager.

"Here's the deal. I'll finish the season and play in every game if you want me to — on condition that when the season is over you will assign one or two coaches to work with me during the winter, so that I can learn how to play baseball at least as well as a Class D player. Next season, if you still want me to play, I want to be treated solely on my merit. And incidentally, I want that dollar a year contract torn up and replaced with a new one."

Twilling went back into the lineup the next day. The Pups won all of their remaining games except the two that were called at the end of the sixth inning because of rain. The Pups won the pennant and the World series, as you know.

Twilling's biggest thrill in World series play came in the fourth game. The Pups had won the first three. The score was tied, 5 to 5, in the last of the ninth. If they scored one run — and no one doubted that they would — they would be the world champions. Twilling was the first to bat. The gnarled manager of the Yankees instructed the Old Indian to throw a duster at Twilling's head. For some odd reason, when Twilling saw the ball coming at his head he jumped instead of falling away and the ball hit him in the stomach. And so, for the first time since becoming a ball player, Isaiah Twilling was on first base. It was a great thrill for him, even tho a moment later he was picked off by the first baseman who had asked him to step off the bag for a moment so that he could straighten it out. The next Pup hit a homer and the Pups won the game and the World series.

Under the expert tutelage of two Pup coaches, Twilling practiced all winter.

A few months ago the new season started. You remember the first game of the season. Twilling played right field from the first inning thru the ninth. The Redleg manager had all his batters hit to right field for the first five innings. Twilling made 15 consecutive put-outs and on five of the catches his shoe-top fielding and back-against-the-wall efforts were sensational. After the fifth inning only an occasional ball was hit to right and Twilling gobbled each up in a fantastic display of superb fielding. Twilling came to bat four times during the game and each time hit a prodigious home run. No one was on base on each occasion. The Pups lost 5 to 4.

You know the statistics. During the first 30 games of this season Twilling broke every important record in baseball. He got 120 consecutive hits (even hitting the ball on many occasions when the pitcher was trying to walk him intentionally), of which 95 were homers and 25 were doubles. During the first 30 games no ball hit to right field fell safely. Grounders that went thru safely on the right side of the infield were always miraculously fielded by Twilling in time for his rifle shots to the first baseman to beat the runners to the bag. It was a great play to watch. Twilling played the most sensational and thrilling baseball that had ever been seen anywhere. But the Pups lost all 30 games.

YOU KNOW THE REST. The manager, desperate for a victory, pulled Twilling out of the lineup. What he feared, tho, happened. The Pups played sloppily and lost. Twilling was kept out of the lineup for four more games, and the Pups lost four more. He was put back into the lineup. Four out of four, three of them homers; six sensational fielding gems – the Pups lost. They lost the next four games, despite Twilling's unparalleled brilliance. Again he was benched for five games – the Pups lost all five games. They had now lost 45 in a row – a major league record that every fan hopes no team will ever surpass, not even the Yankees. Twilling was a great hero, but the Pups were the biggest joke in baseball.

At this point I enter into the story again. I felt I had helped Isaiah Twilling overcome his sickness, but I was certainly wrecking the career of my friend. Without consulting anyone, I called Mr. Twilling and asked him to come to my office. I said to him, "Isaiah, I want you to do me a favor. Beginning tomorrow and for the following four days enter the game only in the ninth inning and don't catch any balls, don't hit any balls."

"That's like throwing a fight! It's unethical! It's illegal!" the lawyer-baseball player raged.

"Not if by your ineptness your team wins," I said quietly.

He was stunned by this thought and left without saying a word.

The Pups won the next five games. Twilling, playing only in the ninth inning, committed error after error, and at bat did nothing but strike out.

Following the five straight victories, Twilling played the entire next game, performed brilliantly both in the field and at bat, but the Pups lost.

It is now about six weeks since Isaiah Twilling quit the Pups and baseball. A bitter and confusing controversy has occupied the minds and emotions of almost every Chicagoan since that time. Let me – once and for all – clear up some of the prevalent misconceptions. From the foregoing it can now be seen that:

1. Twilling was not fired and was not forced to resign. His retirement was completely voluntary and resulted from his refusal to play ineptly and from his feeling that his brilliance only harmed the team.

2. Twilling was not in the manager's doghouse. The manager was genuinely confused about how to express his loyalty to whom.

3. The Pups did not use a ringer for Twilling when the right fielder played brilliantly.

4. The Pups did not use a ringer for Twilling when the right fielder played ineptly.

5. Twilling was not doped up before each game in which he played like a genius. He was not doped up before each game in which he played like a senile busher.

6. Twilling did not know how to play baseball last year. He does know how to play this year.

7. It is *completely false* that the other Pup players refused to hit or field when Twilling was hot, that they wanted him to be considered a jinx and fired.

8. It is *completely false* that Twilling wouldn't hit or field when the other Pup players were on the beam.

What then is the explanation for this strangest story in baseball annals? At one time, in fact until recently, I had what I considered to be a competent analysis. It was this: Last year, when Isaiah Twilling wasn't even a rank amateur, his presence on the field and at bat made each Pup feel like a giant (I don't mean like a member of the Giants). As each player came to bat in the ninth, he felt that in comparison to Twilling he was the most skilled performer who ever held a bat. And then Twilling spent six months learning how to play. And – one of the oddities of nature – he matured into a player who had more skill than Gehrig, Ruth and Cobb rolled into one. This year each Pup felt that his own presence in a major league game, in comparison to Twilling's, was a fraud and a colossal mistake. The Pups thought themselves baseball pygmies, and they played even worse. When Twilling, at my suggestion, played again with his old lack of skill, once more the Pups considered themselves giants and murdered the opposition.

It's a neat theory; it accounts for the data. But I'm now convinced that it's a theory that only a psychiatrist who knew little about baseball could concoct.

During the past few months I have become interested in baseball. I spend a lot of time listening to the games and thinking about them. It's an incredibly interesting sport. The real explanation of the Twilling story, I'm now convinced, is that a baseball game is never over until the last man is out. Every baseball fan knows that, and it is a sufficient explanation for anything that occurs on a ball field; it accounts for the crazy data.

Incidentally, Mr. Crabby, while dictating this letter to you I have paused a number of times to hear the Pups-Phillies game. The Pups lost today, which means that since Twilling left the team they have won 12 and lost 28 – a ratio of wins to losses characteristic of the team before Twilling's association with it. I really am quite sympathetic to those who feel that something should be done to improve the team.

I would be grateful if you print only my initials and not my full name. Some of my patients suspect that I have become a baseball fan. If they knew my true involvement they might think that my mind is on the Pups' game while they are stretched out on the couch telling me their worries. But once again I must say that it is not my intention to speak about myself or my problems. I hope that this letter will clear up the Twilling story, once and for all.

Sincerely yours,
Dr. M. B.

Greetings were brief when six smartly dressed women from the Fashion Group met in the first of the private showrooms on a slushy end-of-winter morning. Notebooks were produced and the committee got down to the serious business of selecting clothes to be shown in "Wheels of Fashion."

Fashionable

The spring fashion story, which began almost a season ago with Dior, has been translated by American designers and is now being told in style shows thruout the Midwest.

The annual show put on by the Fashion Group, a non-profit organization of women in executive fashion positions, is as perennial as April here. Preparations begin in midwinter and culminate in a production which is usually a conspicuous success. The success doubtless stems from the selection committee's painstaking search for significant trends in the spring clothes offered by ten participating stores.

Silk, in a Chinese coat by Wragge.

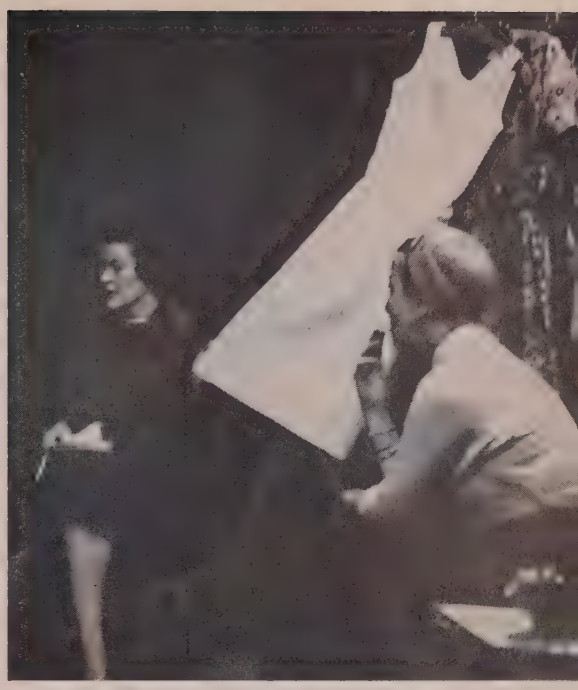
In fabrics, the committee was concerned with subtle tweeds, relentless prints, lingerie trim on coats and dresses, coin dots, the homespun look in wool and linens, timid checks, a silk-cotton combination, and chiffon — yards of it.

ecisions

by Jeanne Phillips

photographs by Lee Balterman

sketches by Adelaide Kelly

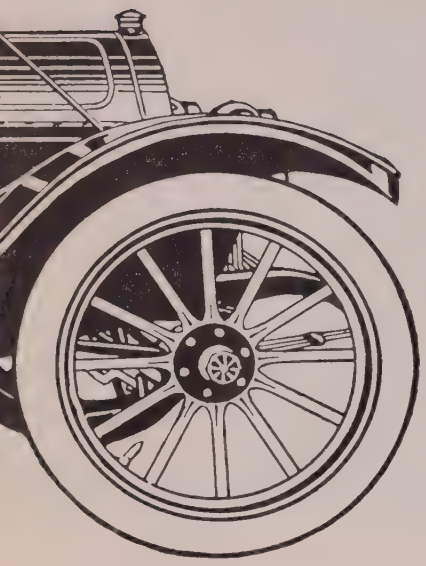


Longer jacket and softer lines in red-white suit by Traina-Norell.

The committee was shape conscious (the "up in front and down in back" look), as well as color conscious (lipstick red, pink — lots of it, flower shades like hyacinth, electric blue, pastels in tweeds and string color). They looked for, and found, the prophetic trends that are appearing in increasing numbers in Paris, Chicago and Hickory Corners.

Citron yellow coat with mink shawl collar over white knitted sheath, both by Traina-Norell.

Ensemble by Nettie Rosenstein, in apricot with velvet coat.



THE OLDER THEY ARE, THE LESS THEY DAUNT DE LAUNTY

Stanley Steamers and other vintage cars are still his business after 50 years

by Curt Johnson

"Those days," the old man was saying, "wagon drivers would take the whip to you if they knew you worked on automobiles. Same way with the motormen or the grip men on streetcars. They wouldn't let you ride if they knew you monkeyed with autos. One man came to Chicago from Ohio with a power two-wheeled truck he wanted to sell and they whipped him right back out of town."

The man who so vividly recalls the reception given the first autos in Chicago is Reuben (Rube) DeLaunty. He works at the Museum of Science and Industry and he is an inexhaustible — tho sometimes inaccessible — fund of early auto lore.

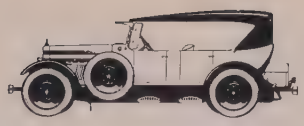
A month spent at the Museum of Science and Industry might be sufficient to cover all its exhibits completely, but it would not afford an opportunity to meet Rube. His place of work is buried deep in the bowels of the institution and he rarely ventures forth into the building proper. He has too much to do.

Rube is the man chiefly responsible for the museum's exhibit of antique and classic cars, those venerable relics of a bygone era when automobile factories sprang up at every crossroads and for a few fitful years turned out their own individualized models — Palmer-Singers and Pope-Hartfords, Stearns-Knights and Haynes-Appersons, the list is long. Rube rebuilds and restores specimens of these old makes to their original salesroom condition.

In all, there have been over 1,600 firms in the United States engaged in the manufacture of autos at one time or another. A trend toward consolidation, evident in the hyphenated trade names of those listed above, has reduced that number until today only a few firms are left — six, to be exact. One result of this consolidation has been that most present-day automobiles are as basically alike as the horns under their hoods.

Another consequence of consoli-

design by Joe Phelan



dation and standardization has been that a few hardy but nostalgic spirits, men with a soft spot in their hearts for the horse and buggy heritage of the auto industry, have been moved to band together into associations dedicated to the restoration and preservation of those individualized products of 25 and 50 years ago which are still to be found. (They are usually found in — often snatched at the last minute from — a junk dealer's yard).

On a national scale this antiquarian movement has led to the formation of the Horseless Carriage club, the Classic Car Club of America, and the H. H. Franklin club, to name only a few. On a local scale it has led to individual and collective acts of defiance by men opposed to a too-steady and crushing march of progress.

For instance, a large-scale collector in Detroit, with 300 unrestored antiques jammed in a warehouse, stood off the federal government for four desperate years during World War II. This was after the government had asked him to turn his autos over to the defense effort as scrap metal. Fortunately, the war was won without the Detroiter's 300 cars. Unfortunately, they're still awaiting resurrection; men with Rube DeLaunty's ability to put new ginger into old frames are scarcer than the cars they restore.

IT IS NOT A MATTER taken lightly by those having anything to do with it — this movement to restore and preserve veterans of the thorofare. The volume of mail Rube receives bears witness to this. From all sections of the country, letters come to him at the museum asking where to find parts, requesting instructions on how to reassemble complicated and out-dated mechanisms, and often simply seeking encouragement. And if his shop at home could hold them, he would have 10 or 15 cars there which private collectors had brought to him for restoration — instead of the three at a time which he does have. Rube works seven days a week at restoring: five at the museum and two at home, and still he has insufficient time to do all he is asked to do.

If there is a dean of restorers in the country, Rube is that dean. Rarely are the ancient-auto collectors who come to him for aid disappointed. At the museum it is common knowledge among the other employes that, given a hubcap, Rube can build around it the car it once ornamented. This is scarcely hyperbole — he has done close to miraculous jobs on the remainder of more than one once-proud raceabout, runabout, landeau and limousine since he first surveyed the museum's graveyard.

(The graveyard is a section of the museum's basement set aside for cars ticketed for restoration by Rube. Major Lenox Lohr, the museum's director, is an antique-car man himself, and has his work done in the museum shops. His purchases of junk, to speak plainly, together with the museum's, often bring the total of ancient wrecks in the graveyard to 50 or more).

It would not be difficult to wax picturesque about Rube. He's nearing 74 and, togged out in his worn overalls, with his always-ready wrench at hand, he is obviously a master mechanic of the old school. A white-thatched, grizzled and wrinkled head, with eyes that peer penetratingly over steel-rimmed glasses and a mouth that wears an ever present, quizzical half-smile; gnarled hands and the spatulate fingers of a craftsman — the stereotype fits him perfectly — he's the old-timer wise in the ways of balky machines. And he apparently has his share of minor eccentricities. When he meets someone, for instance, he extends his right wrist, not his hand, to shake.

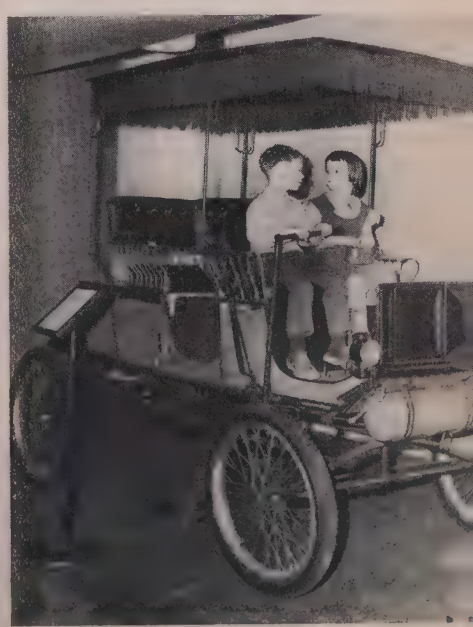
On close observation it can be determined that the penetrating look is because his glasses aren't quite adequate, and the quizzical half-smile has to do with the poor fit of his plate.

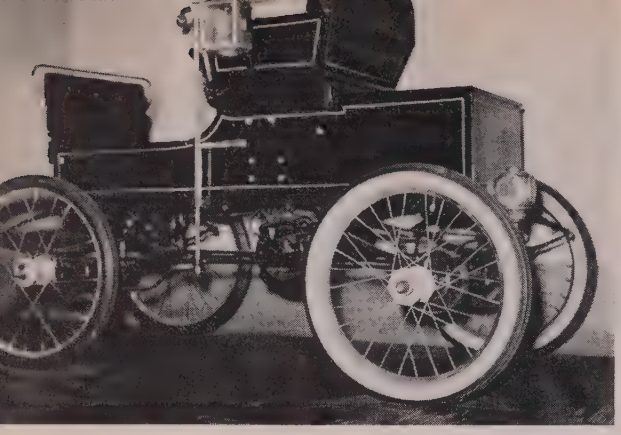
Rube has been a member of the staff of the Museum of Science and Industry since 1945. In a sense, it's a return engagement. As a boy of 12, in 1894, he worked part-time as an oiler at Machinery hall, the forerunner of the present museum. "I didn't do anything," he said, "just ran around with an oil can. Kids started to work early then, you know. Most wonderful machinery exhibit out there that's ever been in the world."

His first full time job was with the American Bicycle company at 67th and La Salle. "They called it the Bug-house. Used a lot of lard then and the place crawled with cockroaches. Out where the nickel platers ate their lunches, they hung their buckets from hooks on the ceiling."

Rube made bicycle hubs and hangers, getting 32 cents a hub, piecework. When ABC was bought out by the Woods Electric Vapor company, and its equipment transferred to the Woods plant on 20th street between Wabash and Michigan, Rube followed his machine. Woods made electric cabs, carriages and runabouts, and for three years Rube shifted from job

Charles Cahill, 8, of Homewood, takes his sister, Rosemary, 6, for an imaginary spin in the surrey with the fringe on top, actually a 1900 Locomobile.





Dwarf of the old cars in the Museum of Science and Industry, this is a functional, hand-built, half-scale model of a 1902 Baker electric. Rube De Launty once drove it in a TV studio.

to job in that plant until it closed. In the early days, three years was a long life for an automobile factory.

After Woods went out of business, Rube stayed on at its building, liquidating its stock of parts, guarding and caretaking the premises, and acting as the mechanic and general repairman for the electrics in Chicago which Woods had sold. For six months he was the only person in the plant. Then, shortly before the turn of the century, he closed out the last of Woods' stock and shifted his lunch bucket to the Chicago Depository of Automobiles on Plymouth court between Van Buren and Jackson.

AT THE DEPOSITORY he worked not only with electrics, but with steamers as well. In fact, his principal duties centered around the steam cars. During the day they were stabled, like so many horses, in the stalls which lined the Depository. (Often they stood side by side with horses — the Depository also served as a livery stable). By four in the afternoon all the steamers had to be fired up and raring to go so that their tired owners could quickly flee the cares of the Loop.

"Had a little pot-belly stove," Rube said, "and I'd put these forks in the stove and heat 'em red hot and then push 'em in the fire box and couple them to the gas line. White gas. Run thru that and touch off the steamer then. Horses got a little nervous. But I had a restoration last year where someone had used ethyl gasoline with it. Had to junk the pipes. You can only use white gas in a steamer. Ethyl leaves gum you can't get rid of. Nowadays I put a little red light on them. You know, if the water gets a little low only for a minute, the boilers go. Last one I did I put a bell on, too. Under the dash. The fellow I did it for was driving it at some meet and the light went on and the bell went off and this fellow nearly jumped out. 'Rube, what'd you put the bell on for?' he asked me after. I told him it was there in case he fell asleep."

It was at the Depository that Rube made the acquaintance of Elwood Haynes of Kokomo, Indiana. Haynes was in Chicago to promote the sale of the automobiles he manufactured and was advertising as the first of their kind — the first ever to be powered by a gasoline engine.

"You know that gentleman there?" Haynes would ask Rube, referring to a backward tycoon who still used a horse and carriage. "Sure, come on, meet him," was Rube's usual reply, and Haynes would go off on another pitch. "The Appersons used to come around too," Rube recalled. "I'd tip 'em all off to who was interested. Bankers mostly."

Other hangers-on were the clerks and errand boys who worked in the Loop. During their lunch hours they'd come to the Depository to watch the work and ask questions.

"Everyone had a different theory then," Rube said. "They all tried to build their own cars them days. Worked on Sundays. They'd ask how to do this and how this worked and what that was for. There was a lot of opposition, but everyone went in for it anyway. The draymen and the rest of them with horses said it would take the bread right out of their mouths."

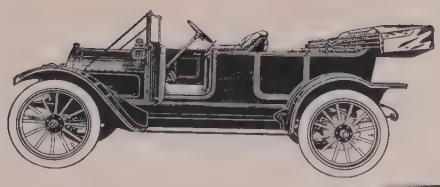
Rube left the Depository in 1900 to work for the F. B. Stearns agency on Wabash avenue. "On Hubbard court we called it," he said. "Where the Blackstone is now, I think. I ran the place for Mr. Cook. He was on the Board of Trade. We sold Thomas cars and Stearns, naturally, and Appersons — Elmer and Edgar Apperson broke with Haynes and put out a model with a long chain drive, got all tangled up. Told 'em it would. Sold a lot of Locomobiles and Mobiles. Six or seven hundred of those in Chicago. The Cleveland we sold one or two of. Competed with the Autocar."

An unusual thing about the Stearns agency was that there actually were two sales models in the showroom. Demonstrator and display cars were virtually unheard of at that time because the meager output of the factories often lagged weeks and months behind orders. Most selling was done thru the use of photographs, and very often the only point of similarity between the delivered model and the model in the photograph was that the tires on each were more or less circular. Buyers could and often did complain, but they had little further recourse since a heavy down payment was always secured by the manufacturer in advance of delivery.

Rube did his best for Mr. Cook. "Cut corners just like at the Depository," he said. "Made every sale I could. At the Depository I even got the recharges for the electrics free. There were three companies fighting to get the contract to light up State street then and I let them run their cables thru the shop so they wouldn't have to dig tunnels for them. Then they let me tap off for the electrics."

In the same digressive vein, his thoughts shuttling back and forth as he recalled those times 50 and more years ago, he recounted the plight of the building in which a bus company stored its obsolete electric buses. The vehicles were put on the third floor of a vacant building and forgotten. When next looked in upon, their huge batteries had eaten thru the third floor, the second floor and the first floor and dropped into the basement. "They'd probably be going yet," Rube supposed, "if they'd of let them alone."

AT THE STEARNS AGENCY, Rube not only endeavored to run the business economically, but he extended the same helping hand to salesmen that he had at the Depository. More forthrightly at Stearns than at the Depository, if anything. A Chicago businessman, for instance, wired from Florida that if a certain car could do 60



Rube and his wife own a 1941 Dodge which they have driven only 35,000 miles. He also keeps a Stanley Steamer in his garage at home.

m.p.h. he wanted it; otherwise not. Rube roped off several downtown blocks to prevent a stampede of horse-drawn vehicles, stationed timers at either end of the makeshift speedway, and let the car in question rip. Wide open, the best he could get from it was 55 m.p.h. After struggling with his conscience, Rube wired this fact to the businessman, but added the qualification that the car undoubtedly would "run in" to 60 m.p.h. Then, his conscience satisfied, he shipped the car to Florida. The term "run in" covered a multitude of sins in those days.

This was not the end of the affair, however. After accepting the car, the businessman had difficulty not only in getting 60 m.p.h. from his purchase but in getting it to go at all. Relying on Rube's word that once under way his new auto would indeed "run in" to the desired speed, but still thoroly exasperated, the businessman wired the maker of the auto that it was about time, in God's name, that they started building cars that worked when they left the factory without first having to be overhauled. The manufacturer, content with his down payment and possibly not expecting to make a career of manufacturing cars what with the mortality rate of auto factories, wired back to Florida that the cars he made were all right; the difficulty lay in finding buyers, in God's name, with brains enough to operate them. When the businessman returned to Chicago after his vacation and looked up Rube, DeLaunty did some fast talking.

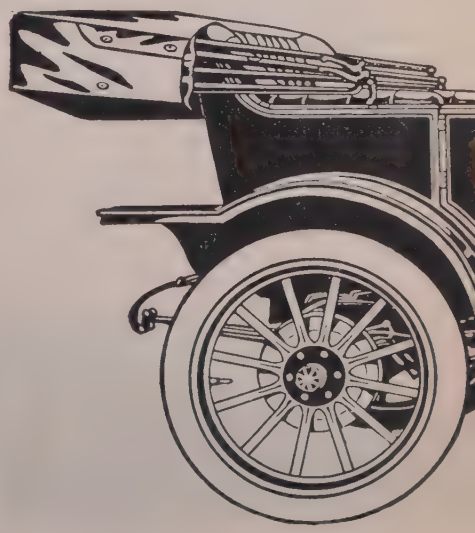
Rube's main job at the Stearns agency was the delivery and maintenance of automobiles sold there. When a new car was to be delivered, he went to the freight station, unloaded the car, started it, drove it to the owner's place of business or home and then demonstrated its intricacies. For the whole operation the Stearns agency charged $15. This was quite a sum of money in those days, but it also covered a number of return calls to explain operating procedure again and to act as trouble shooter. "Take them over in the mud for a couple days for lessons," he said, "and then they ran home with it. Had Adams, the hatter, awful nice fella, out the first day going over the bridge and the connecting rod broke. Got out and banged at it with a brick. He thought I was the smartest mechanic in the world."

In his spare time, Rube road-raced. The various manufacturers would join forces and draw up a course designed to test to the fullest the speed and endurance of their machines — a fairly easy task considering the condition of the early highway system — and then turn the drivers loose. (An incidental purpose of the races, of course, was to garner publicity for the automobiles). At the finish line, the dust-covered or mud-soaked drivers, worn and weary from emergency repairs, tire changes and general jouncing, would lift their goggles, wave to the crowd and then turn their machines around for the trek back to Chicago. It wasn't the easiest way to earn a living, but it had a certain romance about it.

In 1902 Rube took a job as chauffeur for a Viennese physician who had set up a number of clinics in Chicago. This job lasted two years, Rube happily shepherding a hot-tube Panhard-Lavassor from clinic to clinic and designing and building an automobile of his own on the side. He has some reason to believe that this auto was later copied closely by the Saxon people in their "cycle" cars.

Eventually reports of his motor mastery reached the merchant, John G. Shedd. Shedd had two cars at the time, but he contemplated the acquisition of a third and he was dissatisfied with his current chauffeur, a man who doubled as coachman. He hired Rube.

This new employer had begun his business career as a clerk in a Vermont general store, but when Rube went



to work for him he was well established in the highest rank of Marshall Field & Company hierarchy. Shedd was good for a million-dollar check at any bank in Chicago. Rube was good for ten dollars — if he shaved closely before he left for the bank. Nevertheless, they became firm friends. Shedd was 32 years older than Rube (who was 22 then) and tended to treat him something like a son. Over the years, 23 of them, the two of them dispensed with a great deal of the usual formal employe-employer relationship. They covered a lot of territory together and enjoyed every mile of it. Shedd's death in 1926 was a deeply disturbing experience for Rube.

At one point during his employment, Rube had charge of five cars, all Pierce-Arrows — two in Chicago, two in California and one in Europe. Every year he drove for the Shedds on their extended vacations, to New England, to California, thru Europe. In Europe he was plagued by border guards who he insists skulked behind trees in order to trap unwary chauffeurs. In this country he had assorted troubles, the most noteworthy to his mind being the ignoble experiment of using blow-out proof inner tubes on one trip to New England. "The inventor had decided if he covered the tube with metal slugs," Rube observed, "that would prevent flats. Made the tire so heavy it blew about every four miles. Burnt them right out."

It was in Chicago, however, that he did the greater part of his driving. Wherever Shedd went, Rube went too, usually to wait at the limousine, sometimes in closer proximity to the rarified world of finance.

Robert Lincoln, son of the President, frequently was Rube's passenger. He was a director of the Illinois Cab company (the company which owned the buses whose batteries had literally eaten themselves out of a home), and president of the Pullman company. "The old man'd say, 'Go down and get Mr. Lincoln at the Chicago club, Rube,' and I'd pick him up. Any place I took him," Rube recalled, "I'd look in the back seat after he got out and there'd be five dollars."

Another illustrious passenger was Admiral Dewey of Spanish-American war fame. "He came to town on a Sunday, and I drove him around all day. From nine in the morning to five at night. Had two flats that day. Every half hour or so he'd say, 'Well, we better stop and take on some liquor.' That's what caused all those flats — that stopping all the time. I couldn't do it any more," he continued ruefully, "the other night I got full of beer at Sieben's on two steins."

THE THIRD CAR which Shedd was acquiring in 1904 was a Columbia limousine. For one or two months after it arrived, the Columbia was the only car in Chicago with a glass windshield. The glass was reinforced with chicken wire.

Shedd was never much interested in Chicago real estate as such, but he did decide, shortly after Rube had started to work, to buy a large tract on which to erect a garage. The Coles were doing it, the Armours were doing it, and Shedd decided he must also. (As regards Shedd's real estate transactions, his close association with Marshall Field hindered him from developing too much interest. Once when he wished to buy a small plot near the lake, the owner made him sign an agreement that he would never resell to Marshall Field. There was some fear that Field, who had extensive holdings, was going to devour all of Chicago in time).

Shedd was a poker buddy of Ernest R. Graham, the architect who designed Union station, the Merchandise Mart, the Field building and the Civic Opera house. At the time Shedd was looking for a site on which to erect his garage, he and Graham had been having weekly sessions over the chips with the judge who had charge of the receivership for Charles T. Yerkes' traction properties. Shedd and Graham inveigled the judge into releasing the 1700 block on North Park avenue. "Car barns used to be there," Rube said. "The old night owl, the only gas car there ever was in Chicago, used to rumble in right next door to where I live." Shedd (with Graham as architect for the project) constructed a garage in the block. Rube and his wife moved in over the garage and have been there ever since. It is in the neighborhood known as Old Town.

One year after going to work for Shedd, Rube had a chance to change employers and perhaps better himself. A St. Paul auto salesman was attempting to sell Jim Hill, the railroad empire builder, a fleet of Pierce-Arrows, and he arranged for a nonstop run from Chicago to St. Paul to convince Hill of the Pierce-Arrow's worth. Rube was selected as the driver.

"Rained the whole way, but I made it all right with the old windjammer. Changed the plugs and the valves along the road. Only real stop we made the whole way was to pick up a stray dog in Charles City. Really had better running in the corn fields than on the roads. Broke all the springs on the way. Outside of St. Paul we were supposed to send up Roman candles so the agent could come out and drive in the rest of the way. But they were soaked, so they didn't work."

Hill was convinced (the trip had taken 50 hours and five minutes), and he purchased three Pierce-Arrows. Then he had the Pullman company build him a special railroad car so that he could take his autos with him wherever he went.

Back in Chicago, Rube received a letter from the agent in St. Paul telling him that Hill wanted him as chauffeur. "Said they were going to put machines in the Pullman — lathes, drills, that kind of stuff. They didn't need that with those cars. I was making good money, $135 a month, but Hill offered me $200. I nibbled on it a few days; I showed the letter to the old man and he said, 'Do what's best for you,' and then I thought, 'Who the hell is Jim Hill?' I didn't take it. If it had been the old man, he might have taken it. He left Marshall Field after six years because he was only making $30 a week. That's when he started. Field got him back right away."

Rube drove for Shedd long before service stations were spotted at every corner in the city and every mile on the highway, and during the first ten years or more of his employment he spent far more time doctoring vehicles then he did driving them. Then he went all the way and turned inventor. In 1910 he brought out a device called the DeLaunty Tire Pump and Crank. Until the entry of the United States into World War I stopped production, the invention sold well. It was manufactured by Chicago Automatic.

The DeLaunty Tire Pump and Crank, as its name indicates, was a crank featuring a built-in tire pump. The pump worked off the crankshaft of an automobile. With a long air hose, which was furnished with the crank, a stranded driver pumped up a flat by allowing the motor of his car to actuate the pump mechanism. The pump could build up 100 pounds of pressure in three minutes.

The apparatus was rarely used as a pump, however, and Shedd thought this quite amusing. He claimed that as an invention the pump was a flop. As a selling item it was fairly successful, that he admitted, but as a device

to lighten man's labors it was a fraud, since no one used it as such. Once, while driving thru New Mexico, Shedd and Rube did see a motorist using the invention to pump up a tire. They were so amazed that Rube stopped and Shedd got out to kibitz.

The motorist (who had come from New York) said that just in the last few hundred miles his tires had developed a tendency to go soft about every 25 miles. Shedd asked him how long he'd owned the pump.

"Three years."

"Ever use it before?"

"Not to pump with. It's a good one, tho."

"Never used it before now?"

"No, not to pump with."

"Even when you had a flat?"

"Never thought of it. Never been stranded out in the middle of nowhere before."

"That's what I thought," Shedd said and climbed back into the limousine with a motion to Rube to drive away. In all the time that Rube drove for Shedd, the man in New Mexico was the only person that they ever saw using the pump for the purpose for which it was intended.

The DeLaunty Tire Pump and Crank was a seller because motorists thought it helped them start their cars quicker than the standard crank. Because the pump mechanism was built into the spindle of the crank, the crank itself was very heavy. The buyer theorized (how correctly is open to question) that the extra weight aided him in turning the motor over. "Fellows who had T's liked it especially," Rube said. "They only got a little crank with Fords. They didn't even bother with the pump or the air hose part. I could have filled that crank with lead and sold just as many."

TWO EVEN LESS SUCCESSFUL inventions for which Rube applied for patents were a controllable tractor and an automatic garage. A series of the tractors coupled together would track automatically around corners. After all other possible buyers had failed to show any interest, Rube tried to sell the idea to the city for garbage-truck use. But the city wasn't interested either.

"I spent six years on the garage. Made a working model with two motors in it. You drove the car onto an elevator and the weight started the elevator up. Then the car went onto a conveyor and the conveyor shoved it off at an empty stall. To get the car you just pressed a button and the whole operation reversed itself. It was completely automatic.

"The old man said people weren't interested in parking lot garages like that, but I got two manufacturers in on a Sunday to look at it. It worked good that morning, I had a little model car and I shoved that back and forth and parked it and got it automatically. Finally one of them said, 'Very good idea. It really works well. My daughter would fall in love with a toy like that.' After that the model sat on the bench in the garage for about six weeks and then I tossed it into the basement."

He said thoughtfully, "I wish the old man were alive today."

When Shedd died in 1926, Rube got the flat over the garage which he had been living in. He got it rent-free for the rest of his life and he also got all of Shedd's automobiles as part of the will. For two years he hardly stirred out of the garage's shop. He spent all of his time building radio receiving sets, sometimes as many as four in a day. One after another. Build one, tear it down, build another. For two years he did nothing but this; Mrs. Shedd only called upon him to drive her once every three months or so. Then at the end of two years, he found he had developed an ulcer.

Mrs. Shedd had him taken to St. Luke's hospital and got some of the highest-priced doctors in Chicago to attend him at her expense. His X-rays alone cost almost $1,500.

The doctors would come into Rube's room with reassuring smiles on their faces, pat him on the knee, and tell him, "What have *you* got to worry about, Rube? You haven't got a thing to worry about. It's ridiculous, your having ulcers."

He was in the hospital two months before he escaped. Back in the garage's shop he again began building radios. "Then a friend of mine came around," he said. "I wasn't feeling too well even then, you know, and he got me a bottle of Philadelphia Von tablets for the ulcer. 'Rube,' he said, 'try these. It'll help some. But what you better do is get wise to yourself and get out and do something.' Haven't been bothered much since."

He returned to the machinist's trade,

Electric truck was used to cart bottles of Bowman's milk around town in the late twenties, by which time few cars with this kind of power were left on the streets. Chief disadvantage of the electrics was that their batteries had to be charged every night. This one could go comparatively far, 45 miles, without having to be recharged.

Rube, left, and his partner, Jack Brause, spend most of their time shielded from public view in the machine shop in a remote corner of the museum.

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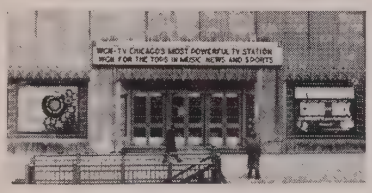

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and for several years before World War II worked with another friend on the development and perfection of a new oil burner. Then came Pearl Harbor Sunday and the ruination of any hopes they had of putting the oil burner on the market. Rube's friend bought some second-hand machinery and they turned to defense subcontracting.

The machines that had been obtained (at exorbitant prices) were in many cases so ancient that they had been second-hand equipment during World War I. Rube, as foreman of the shop, had his troubles. His most vivid memory of those years is of the women inspectors at the plants which had let the subcontracts. "For them females," he snorted, "nothing was *just right,* it was all *just not right.*"

When the war ended, his friend, stuck with a number of obsolete machines and great quantities of stock, was very nearly wiped out. So once again Rube was at loose ends.

Late in 1945, however, he got a telephone call from a man working for D. Cameron Peck, then one of Chicago's outstanding antique car collectors, asking him if he would lend a hand with a Locomobile which had to be readied for a Thanksgiving Day race of old-time cars. Peck was assistant curator of the Museum of Science and Industry, and it was from this encounter that Rube emerged as an employe of the museum.

Since 1945 he has been busy eight to 14 hours a day, seven days a week, renovating and refurbishing countless ancient cars for the museum and for private collectors. Asking him how he does it, how he goes about making an auto from a rusting, battered chassis and part of a steering wheel brings the considered reply, "Nothing to it. Bring the car in, strip it down and clean it up. Then you reassemble. If something's missing, make it. Paint it, crank her up and drive away."

It's not uncommon for him to log 600 to 800 hours on a restoration. Often his restorations outstrip the original in terms of speed, efficiency and reliability.

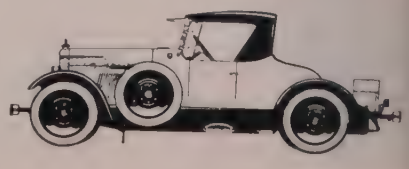
He sets great store by the original instruction manuals (if available) for restoration purposes. They are usually quite elaborate, giving detailed diagrams, dimensions, tolerances. At the time they were written it was expected that many replacement parts would have to be machined individually for the owner, and provision was made for this in the preparation of the manuals. In the early days it was often only the mechanic's ingenuity which kept a car rolling, and a well prepared instruction booklet was many times the sole link between the mechanic and the manufacturer. Today the instruction book is always the only link between the mechanic-restorer and the manufacturer.

Following the manual closely if he has it, and his memory and mechanical sense if he hasn't, Rube replaces worn engine parts from the museum's storeroom. If they aren't there, he casts and machines the parts. Then he carefully reassembles the complete engine, adjusts, tampers, tinkers, and readjusts — then he gives the crank a flip and drives away. After standing for months, the museum's one-cylinder 1905 Cadillac starts on the first turn of the crank and a tiny 1900 Locomobile steamer is as reliable as any horse that was ever shod. In addition to their role as showpieces, some of the cars on display at the museum are loaned or rented out for parades and paegants. In 1951 Rube drove a 1911 Stoddard-Dayton he had restored to New York from Chicago — just to see if it could be done. The distance was 1,078.6 miles and the average speed was 20.46 m.p.h.

AT THE LOADING PLATFORM on the way out of the museum, Rube extended his wrist to shake in farewell. "Busted my hand on the DeLaunty Tire Pump," he said in explanation. "Never been the same since. I was cranking with it. The DeLaunty Tire Pump's pretty heavy, you know." Then his eyes lighted up. "No," he said, "I'm only joking. My hands are greasy, that's all." During the leave-taking two museum employes went by, carrying in the remains of what was once, perhaps around 1900, an automobile, which they were unloading from a truck.

Rube glanced at the mud-encased, very barest remnant of a frame as it passed and said with finality, "1910 McIntyre." The two employes set the frame tenderly on the dock, ticketed it for the graveyard, and departed in the truck. A second look prompted only a puzzled shake of the head, but after all, they reconstruct prehistoric birds from little more than one or two fossilized feathers.

Rube peered quizzically over his glasses, one hand jammed deep in an over-all pocket, the other pointing. "See that flange in back there?" he said, "1910 McIntyre. Wouldn't you say so?"



The Parakeet's Nightingale

Heart attacks and overindulgence bring tiny patients to Dr. Marie Widder's North Side bird hospital

by Doris Regan

The parakeet lives too fast today, in the expert opinion of Dr. Marie Widder, who runs a hospital for frail and fractured feathered friends at 4136½ Sheridan road.

"People who buy parakeets as pets try to make humans out of them," says Dr. Widder, who documents the charge with her ornithic case histories. The majority of her patients are laid up because of digestive problems or injuries resulting from too much freedom in flying about the house.

The doctor especially deplores the unenlightened notion that it is cruel to keep a domestic bird in a cage. Digestive troubles, she points out, most often occur in birds that are permitted or even encouraged to forage at the family table. The winged folk can assimilate only a minority of human foods, and table salt is definitely not one of these. Since the birds have no pores or sweat glands, the salt can't be handled properly.

The best foods for domestic birds are seeds, especially white oats and millet, some greens, and mineral salts from fish bone or oyster shell. Dr. Widder recommends endive as a green but vetoes lettuce, which she says contains opium, to which parakeets easily become addicted. The amount of the narcotic isn't enough to enslave people, but it can easily create a flying hophead. A small amount of fruit, such as apple or orange, is good for small birds, provided that it's on the menu only a couple times a week.

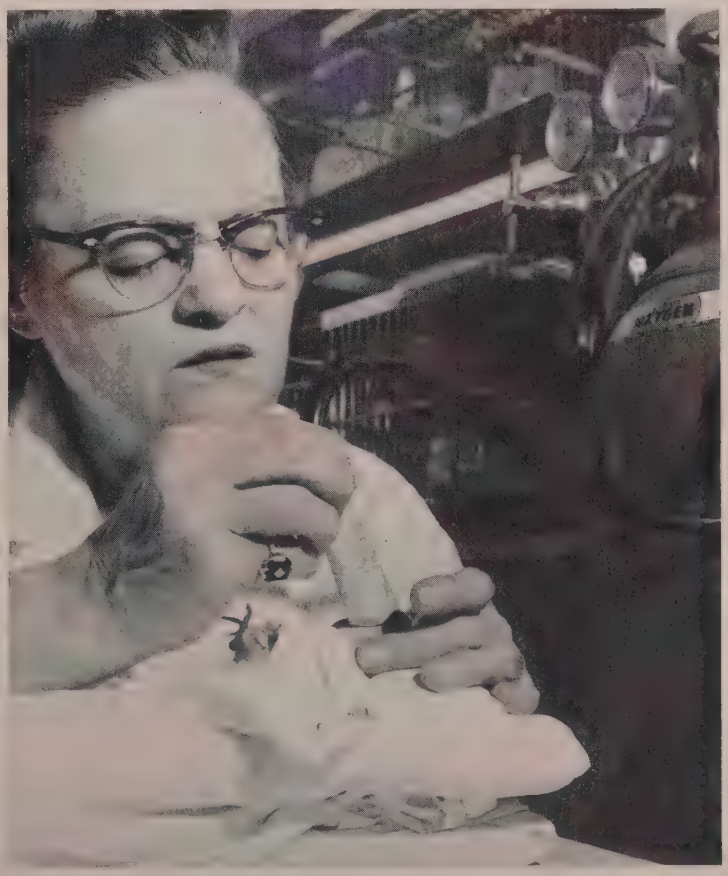
John Barleycorn is strictly an enemy to the plumage set. A parakeet's heart beats about 300 times a minute, and it can't stand the acceleration that results from sipping spiritous beverages.

The parakeet fad has not resulted in improvement of the breed, Dr. Widder contends. Until quite recently these pets were nearly always sold in pairs. They were so devoted that they were popularly known as lovebirds. Then somebody conceived the idea of purveying them singly.

The instinct of the bird to attach itself to another creature made it respond to its human owner as a substitute for the missing mate. The frustration implicit in this relationship brought a nervous sex reaction.

Besides being fleeced of its connubial state, the species has become the victim of unsound breeding in its commercial period, Dr. Widder says. A really careful breeder, she maintains, will not put just any two birds in the same cage. "You want to find two birds that have the same ideas." And it's best, she believes, not to let birds have more than two nestings a year, altho this is expensive and forces the price of a good bird up to about $15.

Commercial aviaries, in order to satisfy the demand for lots of cheap parakeets, sometimes go in for colony breeding. This is likely to result in over-breeding and in-breeding, which produce runners and culls — birds so weakened by the breeding process



Oxygen is administered to little heart patients thru a hose with a cone shaped nozzle. Tents are also sometimes used to treat feathered cardiac victim's brought to Dr. Marie Widder's bird infirmary.

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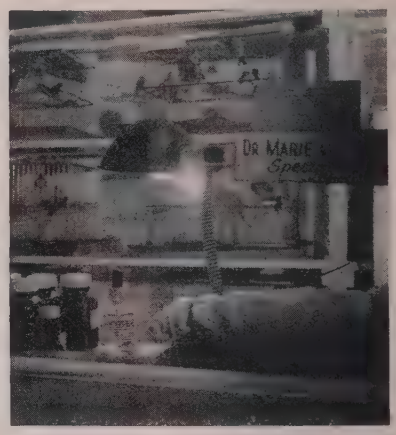
that they don't have very long lives.

Healthy parakeets which are hyperactive are prone to heart attacks, but if oxygen is given in time they can be revived. Cardiac cases at the Widder hospital are treated in a tent.

The place is actually a boarding house, as well as a hospital. Accommodations in the hotel section are so popular that owners wishing to board their birds in July must make reservations in April. The sojourners receive round-the-clock attention, for Dr. Widder lives at the hospital. During the day she speaks tenderly to each little resident and an FM radio plays soft music.



Dr. Widder's office.

Several accomplishments in bird surgery and treatment distinguish Dr. Widder. She has successfully removed tumors from the heads, chests and abdomens of canaries and parakeets. Another noteworthy feat is her unorthodox handling of fractures. She doesn't use splints, but puts the tiny leg in a plaster cast, where it remains for two weeks.

Perhaps her most revolutionary achievement, tho, was growing a new bill on a parakeet. The beneficiary was a bleeding bird whose owner brought him to the hospital to be put to sleep after a door was slammed on him. The top half of his bill was completely gone. Since the parakeet needs both halves of the bill to "chew" its food, this one was entirely unable to consume a normal diet.

The doctor mixed a soft mash of pablum and vitamins, then taught her patient to eat it by scooping it up with his lower bill. In about two months a new upper bill appeared, and it finally grew out enough to cover the lower one.

The author of this small scale medical miracle has devoted 35 years to study and experimental research in the field. She's not one to get by on bird-side manner.

National politics and the local election

Washington Watches Chicago

C. Oldenburg

by John Madigan

At the Democratic convention in 1940 a Chicagoan gained a permanent place in political folklore by hastening the inevitable — manning a powerful microphone in the basement of the Stadium and shouting, "New Jersey wants Roosevelt. Illinois wants Roosevelt. Everybody wants Roosevent . . ." Four years later in the same building the local organization, led by Mayor Edward J. Kelly, got F.D.R. to dump Vice-President Henry Wallace and thereby made possible the presidency of Harry S. Truman.

Those two incidents symbolized the peak period of this city's influence in national politics. Since World War II the power of the big city machines has decreased, partly due to a general rise in split-ticket voting and partly because of the growth of a politically powerful suburbia. These trends have not eliminated Chicago's impact on the national Democracy, but they have certainly altered it, both in degree and in kind.

Today there is no such obvious indication of the extent of local ascendancy in either party's highest councils. But it is clear that events in Chicago are being watched with considerable interest by President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson and the national chairmen of both parties. The most immediate object of their attention, tho by no means the only one, is this month's mayoralty election. If the Democrats are able to overcome the bitter primary split and put their Cook county chairman in city hall, they will certainly boost their standing on the shores of the Potomac. The opposite result could plunge them into its depths. The local Republicans have more to gain and less to lose. If Bob Merriam becomes mayor the effects will be felt much farther east than the Indiana line. If he loses badly, the setback suffered by the local G.O.P. behind Joe Meek last November will be compounded.

The high command's first reaction to Meek's defeat was that it only proved what Illinois Republicans should have known and avoided in advance: that Eisenhower-type and Illinois-type Republicans have difficulty mixing and winning in a state with a traditional Democratic stronghold like Chicago.

There was the further feeling that the weak showing of Republican candidates in Cook county, the loss of two G.O.P. Congressional seats in Chicago and one downstate, and the "mistakes" made by Gov. William G. Stratton during the campaign — all had lessened whatever potential Governor Stratton had on the national scene for the immediate future, and had pushed Chicago and Illinois "Taft-Republicans" further from the throne.

But a more detailed study of the election results around the country seems to show that this first reaction

CHICAGO, D. C.

Between elections, the citizen hears little that is specific about what his chosen deputies and their appointed assistants are doing in the state and national capitals and how their actions will affect him and his community. Big issues tend to overshadow the small, and the workings of government in the whole obscure the individual performances of those who govern.

Here CHICAGO begins an effort to bring into closer perspective the details of legislative and executive government as they affect and are affected by those at and from home. Future reports will come from Springfield, as well as Washington.

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may be wrong. Politically speaking, Illinois Republicans – along with those in Indiana, Wisconsin and Iowa – may have actually gained influence in party circles, not by their own accomplishments, but by the negative efforts of the G.O.P. in the East in the governor races. New Jersey started the trend in 1953 by losing a state executive. Last November New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut followed suit.

President Eisenhower and National Chairman Leonard Hall, keenly aware of the loss of those state organizations and patronage, decided something must be done. Leaks from recent White House stag dinners at which Eisenhower-before-Chicago men were the guests tell of agreement that reassurance must be given traditional Republicans that the party doesn't intend to become too radical for the conservative taste.

It is agreed that this reassurance must be brought home to the Midwest, which has been without an agreed-upon spokesman since the death of Senator Taft, but is still greatly dedicated to his political philosophy. The top leaders aren't concerned about losing right wing followers (the President as much as told Senator McCarthy or anyone else to go ahead and bolt the party), but they want to hold the faith of the conservatives.

A more recent stag dinner lends weight to this view. The guests this time included several Taft-before-Chicago men (and some who still are). Among them was Morton H. Hollingsworth, Illinois state central chairman, as well as other midwestern leaders. They went with misgiving. "I went thinking of the fly and the web in the nursery rhyme," one said, "but I came out four hours later with my dinner coat and black tie still neatly in place."

The midwesterners drew more from the meeting than the fact that the President is prepared to run again in 1956. They admit they need Mr. Eisenhower, but they also know that the Republican leadership needs them. And the mutual need points up the fact that the major problem for the G.O.P. in Chicago and the Midwest is not the Democrats at this point, but can be found right in their own house. It is the effort of the right wing of the G.O.P., moving farther right in reaction to the administration's "progressive-moderate" program at home and "chalk-line" decisions in Asia, to take over the party, in effect, if not in name.

Best known of the far-right groups is For America, founded May 7, 1954, in the Chicago club at a luncheon given by Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Tribune*. Its stated

purpose is "to combat super-internationalism, interventionism, one-worldism and communism." Its backers claim it has no intention of becoming a new political party, nor does it support candidates or issues by name. The organization's executive director, Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers, who was director of psychological warfare under General MacArthur against the Japanese, denies flatly that For America plans to be "a wedge in the Republican party" in Chicago or Illinois or anywhere else in the country.

But many observers in Washington believe that the only reason it is not a "wedge" is lack of ability, not of desire. Senator McCarthy, the rightists' most vocal member in public life, insists he will stay in the Republican party. The rumors concerning minority leader William Knowland were short-lived. But the President's decision that a clear break with extremist elements is all right with him if that is the way they want it, coupled with the open secret that he is to be a candidate again, makes a third party at least conceivable.

The way of For America isn't running too smoothly. In his new Washington office General Fellers is struggling to "pick up from the static condition" that has existed for many months. Forty-three new names have been added to the policy committee, top-heavy with retired generals and admirals, headed by Gen. Mark Clark. Fellers has 60,000 pledge cards in his file, but it is difficult to tell how many represent any action. Also, funds don't raise easily, and the most active members come not from the Midwest but from Texas and California. The big stumbling block is that For America has won little response from the young.

To one of Illinois' G.O.P. leaders, Sen. Everett Dirksen, For America presents a particular problem. He is a vigorous and loyal Republican. He is still regarded as the best speaker in the party. In his support of Senator McCarthy, and on some other matters, Senator Dirksen has been at odds with the Eisenhower administration. But on occasion he has worked well with the White House. Now the G.O.P. high command is willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and so is Senator Dirksen, but many of those influential men on the far right helped him up the ladder. It has taken all his diplomacy and brains to maintain friendly relations with these old connections and still not cut himself off from what he hopes will be an administration-blessed succession to Senator Taft's role in the Midwest.

UNTIL THE SCHISM of the mayoral primary developed, prospects for Chicago Democrats on the national scene looked almost unqualifiedly bright. The old-line organization strength of the Kelly-Nash machine had abated but in its place had risen the new era power of men like Stevenson, Steve Mitchell and Sen. Paul Douglas. The successful reelection campaign of Senator Douglas had represented perhaps the most impressive Congressional victory by a northern Democrat in 1954 (a possible exception being Charles A. Boyle's resounding defeat of Rep. Edgar A. Jonas in the North Side 12th district, which had been Republican since its creation). Douglas was thereby endowed with a prominence that will be felt in the day-to-day give-and-take in the Senate.

Another fact not forgotten in Washington is that Mitchell was chairman of the Democratic National committee when the national gains of November were scored. Handpicked by Stevenson after the latter's nomination in 1952, Mitchell began with a substantial portion of the deck stacked against him. His most bitter opposition, like Stevenson's, came from the South. But he made something in the nature of a grand slam. He said he wanted to get the party's coffers out of the red, reorganize the national headquarters and set up a working program on national affairs so the Democrats would be ready for the mid-term election. He succeeded across the board, and many of his former enemies hated to see him go. It's obvious that he will continue to have a strong voice in behind-the-scenes leadership of the party.

His successor as national chairman, South Bend attorney Paul Butler, was Mitchell's and Stevenson's choice. The committee election in New Orleans was unbossed and there were two other candidates, but Butler got 70 of the 105 votes cast.

With its New Orleans vote of confidence, the Stevenson-Mitchell-Butler combine should dominate Democratic pre-convention maneuvering in 1956. Adlai can have the nomination if he wants it, and he probably will. The Stevenson who spent last November's election day on his 71-acre estate by the Des Plaines river near Libertyville was a different Stevenson from the one who lost in 1952.

Then, in quoting Abraham Lincoln, he told the world he felt like the young boy who had stubbed his toe. The boy was too big to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh. Now he *was* laughing. And a couple of other fellows had done the toe-stubbing. Stevenson walked leisurely in an inspection tour of his property. He was wearing a loose, brown wind-breaker, a heavy, gray muffler tied untidily at his throat, and a brown hat whose soiled band

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Fanny's Column

by Fanny Lazzar

Italians have a touch of sentiment and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy. Mine is deeper than that. Courageous as I think myself, my emotions are like wax when I hear, or read anything sad. Sensitivity might seem pathetic to many people. Everything is relative.

The following story moved me as deeply 20 years ago as it does now, recalling it brings tears to my eyes. What have the years to say to the matter?

THE LOVE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE for his wife was akin to another Virginia walking with her Paul. The fervor of their love animated their lives . . . yet poverty was a threatening shadow at their door. Mrs. Poe was critically ill and in her sickbed, which was of straw and without bedclothes other than a snow-white counterpane and sheets. Their money was gone and the distracted husband was unable to earn more. The weather was cold and Mrs. Poe had chronic chills. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's greatcoat with a large tortoise-shell cat on her bosom. Her husband held her hands and her mother her feet. Needed funds came from a friend . . . too late. Mrs. Poe died. Another friend provided linen garments in which she was laid away . . . a fact which brought great comfort to Poe. Then, Poe left it and it was a long time before he recovered from her death. And I think Virginia must have been in his mind when he wrote these immortal words: "For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of my beautiful Annabel Lee . . . and the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes of my beautiful Annabel Lee . . . and so all the night-tide I lie by the side of my darling . . . my darling . . . my life and my bride . . . in her sepulchre there by the sea . . . in her tomb by the sounding sea."

Fanny's

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had withstood the recent efforts of a barber. From time to time he would stop suddenly to retrieve a broken branch from the moist ground and then change course to toss it into a shallow pit for future burning.

He pointed to some 30 sheep roaming the meadow, to two trees uprooted by a recent storm, to a sagging section of fence. He smiled, shook his head. "So we won, and there's another election in 1956. But this is what I have to do now. Catch up on some things around here. Then I better get back to my law office and make some money to live on." Stevenson was turning away the big question, the one he'll have to face more frequently than ever from now on. He said he didn't know whether he'd seek the nomination, that he couldn't foresee the future and that he had no further political ambitions.

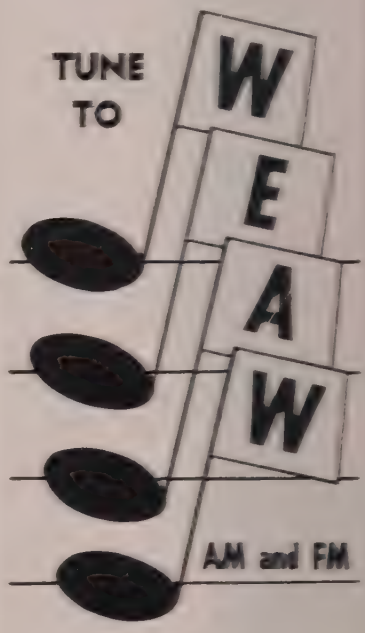
But Stevenson is no more able to thwart his own political future now than he was when he was drafted in 1952. To a reporter who was in touch with him almost constantly during his "reluctant" days three years ago it seems now that he is ready for the nomination if his party and the voters want him. In fact, if certain circumstances should arise he will openly declare himself a candidate.

Meanwhile, there is the question of Stevenson's involvement in the race for the Chicago mayoralty. Don Dailey, who was in his Springfield cabinet, he regards as a competent official, a good administrator and a friend. As for Merriam, Stevenson and he see almost eye-to-eye in political theology – but "the Governor" has been close enough to everyday politics for seven years to agree that the requisite of success is party organization and loyalty. Merriam in the Republican ranks is beyond the pale.

If Dailey, with Stevenson's backing, is elected mayor, he and his local leaders will be in an even stronger position than were their opposite numbers in 1952. Then Chairman Frank McKinney and other old-line Democrats had to be "sold" on Stevenson.

Now the Stevenson-Mitchell-Butler alliance – provided New York's Governor Harriman doesn't strike out on his own – is in the driver's seat as far as the big general states in the North are concerned. The big question, again as in 1952, involves the South and the border states – whether they will come in support of a candidate from the North labeled more conservative.

In any case, the names of Stevenson, Douglas, Mitchell and the local leaders should assure Chicago a powerful voice in party politics for the next few years.



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A minor revolution in petunias

City-Bred Gardens

by Robert T. Van Tress

City gardeners usually have less time for their hobby than those who live in smaller communities where life goes on at more leisurely pace. With less time to work in the yard they need easy-to-grow flowers. For this reason annuals are a necessity for the city gardener: they are easily grown from seed, they give results the same season, and as a rule they're less demanding in their requirements of growth. Being so easy to grow, they give a greater amount of effect for a small expenditure than any other type of flower.

In many cases a bed or a flower border may be planted entirely with annuals. The advantage of this is that the bed may be prepared and planted in the spring, with complete results in a relatively short period of time. This is especially advantageous for those who have recently moved into a new home and desire quick results, as well as for those who live in rented homes. Those who rent feel as keen a need for flowers as those more permanently established. When the income is limited, they may feel that money should not be spent upon the more lasting, slower developing shrubs and perennials. A dollar or two spent on annuals will bring joy to these families, and when they have to move there will be fewer regrets.

So it is also with those who have a cottage at the lake. Still others who live in apartments or flats with no gardens have the opportunity offered by window sills and porch boxes to grow annuals.

Annual flower beds may be located as a border in front of any existing shrub plantings, around the foundation of the house or along the driveway; very often they work in nicely as a dividing line between the vegetable garden and the lawn. By the use of self-sowing varieties this bed will come up each year.

Annual flowers have two distinct uses in connection with shrub borders. For the first year or two after the shrubs are planted there will usually be considerable space between them which may be planted with many of the more robust annuals. Growing flowers in this way not only serves to fill in the vacant spaces, but the care and cultivation given the flowers benefit the shrubs. After the shrub plants are established little patches of annuals may be scattered in front of them as occasional spots of color. These may be composed of a single kind of flower or several varieties.

Around many homes there are areas which are not under cultivation but which require some form of planting. Places such as these may often be used to naturalize annual flowers, using plants that easily self-sow from year to year. Some of the better kinds for this are petunias, calliopsis, snapdragon, Shirley poppies and cornflowers. Cleome or spider flower, with its curious spider-like blossoms, is another interesting plant that will come up year after year.

When flowers are desired solely for cutting, the best place to grow them is in rows in the vegetable or cutting garden, where they may be cultivated with ease and given sufficient growing space. To be good cut flowers, they must have good keeping qualities when cut, good colors and good stems, such as are found in asters, cosmos, gaillardia, marigold, zinnia and sweet peas.

In order to succeed with annuals it is necessary to know whether they will tolerate being sown in cold soil, or whether they have to be sown only when the soil is warm. Annuals can be separated into three distinct classes: hardy, half-hardy and tender. The hardy class comprises most of the more common favorites, those that can be planted early in the spring in the open ground. The group includes sweet alyssum, snapdragon, cornflower, larkspur, poppy, portulaca, calendula and zinnia, which can be sown out-of-doors where they are to bloom or in a seed bed in late April.

The half-hardy varieties are usually natives of a warmer climate than this and therefore need a longer growing season. As a result they must be given an early start in order to bloom in early summer. Such annuals are sown indoors or in cold frames in March and transplanted to the garden later. The most common varieties of half-hardy annuals are ageratum, lobelia, phlox, petunia, centaurea and verbena.

The third group of annuals can stand no frost and must be raised indoors or sown out only when the trees are in leaf. Because they need a longer season, they are planted as early as February and they need two or three transplantings before they are ready to be set out in the garden. Nicotiana or flowering tobacco, scarlet sage, nasturtium and castor bean are all in this class.

When browsing over a seed catalog or thru a greenhouse, it is better to select several good colors of the flowers desired than mixed varieties;

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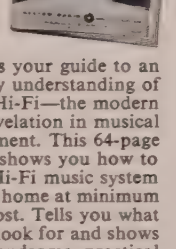
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the clear colors usually are better strains, and it is cheaper in the long run to buy the best seed obtainable. Some of the largest and most fully-double flowers produce but little seed, and new varieties are always more expensive because each seedman has but a limited quantity of a strain available at first.

The city gardener with a small lot needs only about half a dozen varieties of annuals. Too many people load up with all sorts of flower seeds. Then, finding that they have too little space after all, they limit each to just a few plants. The result is a border which, tho better than none at all, is a conglomeration of all colors, shapes and sizes, and is not nearly so effective as one having fewer kinds but in larger masses.

First choice would be zinnia for the ease with which it may be grown, furnishing color in the garden and an abundance of cut flowers for weeks. No annual serves those purposes as well as the zinnia in its many forms, ranging from the tiny lilliputs to the huge California giants and dahlia-flowered zinnias. Probably the best all-around strains are the "cut-and-come-again" zinnias. Colors include pink, rose, orange, crimson, buff, yellow and white, with blossoms approximately three inches in diameter on stalks from two to two and a half feet high, which require little staking.

A minor revolution has been taking place in the world of petunias during the last five years. F-1 hybrid varieties are rapidly overtaking the older kinds in popularity, in the same way that hybrid corn has assumed the lead in agriculture. The reason for this is their greater plant vigor and flower production. It is not uncommon for one F-1 hybrid petunia plant to cover three times the area of the older varieties, with three times the number of flowers. There is a treat in store for those who like petunias and have never grown these new varieties.

Petunias, especially those of deep purple and red and those of pure white, serve admirably as a ground cover for bulb beds. Their spreading growth covers the dying foliage effectively.

By all means try some of the magnificent new double petunias. Their huge flower size and exquisite petal fringing and ruffling rival even florist carnations which several double petunia varieties — Sonata and Canadian Queen — closely resemble. For best results sow several weeks ahead of the singles, as additional time is required to develop the extra petalage and substance. A selected list of the best F1 all-double petunias includes Allegro, brilliant, deep salmon-red; Canadian Queen, well ruffled pink flowers; Sonata, pure white; Blue Moon, purple with dwarf habit of growth, and Carprice, deeply fringed, bright rose-pink.

Sweet alyssum is another indispensable annual that serves as a filler for odd spots and corners and as a continuous border the whole length of the flower bed. The seed is sown where it is to flower and scratched lightly into loose soil. In less than six weeks the growing plants are in full bloom. Shearing the plants at ten-day intervals, first on one side, then on the other, will keep them in bloom all summer. Alyssum Violet Queen and Royal Carpet are two of the newer varieties that make good accompaniment for the more common type, white Little Gem.

Annual larkspur, with its medium-to-tall spikes of pink, blue and white, fills the need for taller growing plants in the back of the flower border, and adds the necessary areas of blue. Larkspur does not transplant from flats easily, so it is best to sow it where it is to grow very early in spring, thinning the plants to three or four inches apart.

Marigolds are among the most versatile and adaptable of all garden annuals and, along with zinnias, probably the easiest to grow. Marigold seed germinates quickly, usually in four to five days, so that most gardeners sow the seed directly in the open. The dwarf types should be spaced about twelve inches apart while the tall varieties should have about 18 inches of room. The latter should be planted in a sheltered location or supported with stakes if straight stems for cutting are wanted. Two of the newer dwarf varieties are Lulu, which is lemon-yellow, and Ursula, a beautiful golden orange.

Nicotiana with its deep red, pink and white star shaped flowers completes the list of easy-to-grow annuals. It is a rapid grower from seed sown directly on the surface of the soil, but needs thinning to eight to ten inches apart. Its blooms are at their best in the evening and are especially useful for their fragrance. Nicotianas grow in sun or partial shade, and are not particular about soil.

Each of the above flowers is disease-proof, drought-resistant, and not bothered by insect pests. It is a good plan to incorporate a good grade of commercial fertilizer in the flower bed, following the recommendations of the manufacturer. This will put the richest part of the plants' feeding area well below the surface, thus inducing the roots to strike down, keeping them farther away from the effects of dry weather and possible injury from cultivation during the summer.

As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Eight Republicans, six Democrats, two Socialists and two independents were elected to the city council in April, 1880 . . . Thirteen-year-old John Murphy, arrested for trying to pass **counterfeit nickels** and dimes on Kinzie street, escaped from the U. S. marshal's office by a thirty-foot leap from a second story window . . . The annual report of the Lincoln Park board placed the population of the zoo at eight bears, two wolves, five racoons, five rabbits, one squirrel, three foxes, two swifts, **one monkey,** two buffalo, two deer, one badger, three sheep, five prairie dogs, 15 swans, 38 ducks, seven quail, eight owls, three eagles and two chicken hawks.

50 YEARS AGO. In April, 1905, Democrat Edward F. Dunne was elected mayor over Republican John M. Harlan by a margin of 24,081 votes out of the 322,373 cast. Dunne had campaigned almost entirely on the issue of municipal ownership of the transit system . . . Newspaper ads invited sidewalk superintendents to come out to 63rd and South Park and view the final stages of work on **White City.** The $1,000,000 amusement park was scheduled to open in May . . . Festive ceremonies accompanied the launching on the Calumet river of the largest vessel ever built for Great Lakes service, a 10,000-ton **ore boat** named for steel executive Elbert H. Gary.

25 YEARS AGO. Utilities magnate Samuel Insull bought the 13-story Westminster building at Monroe and Dearborn in April, 1930, thereby completing acquisition of the entire block bounded by those streets, Adams and Clark . . . **Charles S. Deneen,** the senior senator from Illinois, was defeated in the Republican primary by Congresswoman-at-large Ruth Hanna McCormick. . . . The light cruiser **U.S.S. Chicago,** second naval vessel to carry the city's name, was launched at Mare Island, California . . . A smoking room was established in Ida Noyes hall at the University of Chicago to accommodate the growing number of coeds taking up the weed.

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a review by Maurice F. X. Donohue

Rutherford B. Hayes and his America, by Harry Barnard. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis-New York, 1954. 523 pp. (606 including notes, bibl., index). $6.

We grope, when we have time, among our myths and symbols for the truth about ourselves. The past contained the present, a puzzle, and out of now spins the promise and peril of the future, the not-yet which might be anything but surely will be better. This is the legend about ourselves; and our anxious worry over the tiny piece of history which endows us with our Mission, whatever and however we define it, seems to tell us that the legend is quite correct. The day is passing when a very old man can tell us tales of Washington he heard as a boy from an eye-witness: but every event in our history is inexorably magnified because we have so little of events. Five or six generations span the whole story of our political enterprise. And few of us claim allegiance by total blood to that whole story. Hence it is our convention for each of us to claim commitment to the whole story, to accept for himself as final and binding the theology of warning, presage and auspice that may be built from the small incidents of the great story, so brief but so magnificent, of the rise of the continental republic and the beginning of happiness, or at least of good life-chances, for the common man in peace and plenty.

In fact, as Henry Adams told us, we have nothing to learn from history. We ignore its lessons because they would have cheated us of our chance to remake it. But Adams recorded the fact in the early pages of the first book of his nine volumes devoted to the first 16 years of the last century: a minute combing of every significant event in the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. He did not joke at himself: the meaningless history was the weary slipping and sliding of man in general: the meaningful history which *he* examined was an American record, of Americans and their chicanery and guile and greed and energy and brains and purity and wisdom.

Thus the fearful energy of our historians is a solemn civic rite. They arm themselves with the tools of their time and seek to disembowel every event with the nervous scrutinizing care of a Roman haruspicator attacking the entrails of a chicken. Since we are so much smarter and more scientific than the still-to-be-revered old ones (they played their roles in the pageant as so must we), each generation must exhume the past, redefine the myths and reshape the symbols.

This may be taken as a cynical exordium to discussion of an important, even an impressive book. Barnard's book is also exasperating, particularly

Photograph of President Hayes by Matthew Brady, courtesy Chicago Historical society.

for the *nouveau-riche* abandon with which he spends our recent but still tiny stock of Freudian insights about the pressures and demands of Oedipal love and sibling rivalry and affection. Yet even here he extracts from us finally a grudging admission that perhaps he is right in the guesses he makes about the internal dynamics of the sensitive-faced other-directed fellow who is his puppet. Perhaps he is right, but one cannot tell, because Barnard is also infected by his own mystique. This is a romantic insistence on blood-lines, a criss-crossing pattern of hovering, mystical pressure on Rutherford B. Hayes from all the ancestors of whom we are given vignettes. One may see irony, chance, drama in such confrontations of a man with his forefathers: it is awkward to seem to insist on causation.

Perhaps this carping is only annoyance at the carelessness of the telling of the tale of the ancestors, a carelessness of general style and manner which in one way disfigures and in another way strengthens the book. This history is a serious effort by a man who in 1938 restored to us the precious symbol of John Peter Altgeld *(Eagle Forgotten: The Life of John Peter Altgeld).* Yet he condenses *savoir-faire* to the word "savvy." He expands the idea of expectations to "advance billing," and similarly. The effect is curious: it is a posture of affected lack of concern for dignity about the enormous mass of material which he has dissected; yet it gives us the peculiar feeling of confidence that these tricks of the inside-dopester (as the sociologists currently call such) usually inspire. It is the effect of a wise fellow whispering out of the corner of his mouth about what *really* happened. Most of the time one thinks the impression justified: but only most of the time. Barnard consulted psychologists, especially in dealing with the early life of his protagonist, and altho he splatters his pages with note-

What's missing here?

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
wm. shakespeare

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numbers, these refer only to sources barely described and seldom argue, as they frequently should, for the correctness of his psychologizing.

This is a serious objection to a serious book. One would have preferred him to tell the story straight away of what can be said honestly instead of seeming to fictionalize it. He could have written a little essay about love-for-sister and feminine-domination and father-surrogates and either have interpolated it among the chapters of what can be known, or printed it in the back of his book along with his staggering bibliography and citations of thousands of letters and diary entries. The argument is not only inconclusive, it is merely fashionable, a fad of our day, and not really interesting. We are not and cannot be as concerned about the fatherless boy in his fever-ridden Ohio town who "dawdled over his breakfast porridge" as we are about the careful and discreet and cultivated and courageous gentleman who was engaged with Samuel J. Tilden in the momentous election of 1876 and who proceeded to liquidate the attempt to reconstruct the South by force of arms.

About the boy we know little and can say almost nothing that is decisive except for what his caretakers then and he himself later recalled. One must write a kind of novel about the boy, either the pure invention of a Parson Weems or the controlled poetry of a Sandburg. But the President who was Ruther*fraud* B. Hayes was an important public figure at one of the decisive crises in American life. Like many men, he saved our country — it is being saved somewhere by the wise and resolute action of someone today as you read this — but his crisis was an embarrassing one, and his party and his country have tried to forget him. This is unjust, and it is an injustice that Barnard has well repaired, in the same way he performed the same service for Altgeld and the misery of remembering the Haymarket. (Remember on May 1 that May Day originated in Chicago: walk out along Washington street and look at the statue).

Our continental peace is based on a simple and revolutionary proposition: that the losers in a public argument will admit that they have lost and that the winners will not punish these losers once the winners get power. This is why 1860 is a nightmare to us. Lincoln was elected, and the South would not admit it. It went to war to protect itself. This seems horrible and horrid to us, but it was the result to be expected by most people who have thought about politics since history began.

Equally with 1876: Samuel J. Tilden was elected, the myth says, and the Republicans would not admit it. They used bayonets to steal the vote in Louisiana and South Carolina. Would there be another Civil War? Would Governor Tilden call out the troops from Connecticut, New York (confiscating the Federal gold there) New Jersey, Maryland and so take Washington? Perhaps one might be thought of it — Barnard tells the story — but he did not do so. Therefore Tilden, the savior of the union, the unknown benefactor. This is what we learn in high school from the cautious schoolboard-eyeing texts. In the story Hayes vanishes.

We stood, as we stand every day, at a cross-roads. The nauseating degradation of the two Grant administrations (which we taste best perhaps from Henry Adams' despairing and uncivilized contempt), the terrible inhumanity of the best people toward the newly-emerging class of wage labor and their demand for a living wage, the cynical failure either to free the South, or make good on the old pledges to the Negro, the rumble and ruffle over the kind of money that would be used to pay public and private debts, the looting of the public service and the public till by lobbyists of one kind and another but especially the fast-moving railroads — all churned in the vast stew of a country leaping across the continent and into the age of big industry, big medicine, big life for all of us.

AND HAYES, the transplanted nervous, anxious Yankee who had found and realized himself in the war, as many another anxiously honest, self-baffling man has done, an authentic hero of battle lucky in the shrewd investments of his uncle, lucky in his Kenyon college friendships with southerners, lucky in law and above all lucky in love, Hayes won the crucial nomination from the ugly creatures who clutched at it in '76. Harvard-trained in the law, he was at heart a Whig who believed in Jefferson's notion of the aristocracy of brains of government by the best people, but he was a man who added the careful and not inevitable rider that the best must be good. He dreamed of a new Whig alliance between the best people of the South, and the best people of the North — he believed that a country should be governed by its intelligence. He extracted promises from the South that the Negro would be protected, and he depended on education to do the rest. One solution that, in fact slowly evolved into 81 years of progress to the 1954 desegregation decision. He believed in internal improvements for the South (tho he could not storm-

ıch the rapacious railroaders' raid on he treasury) and he called in his inıugural for federal aid to education.

In effect, he is the founder of effecive civil service in the federal government, altho writers of a later time criticize him for not doing more than ne did. But what he did was enough to enrage the Republican bosses, as much as the loss of the puppet carpetbag pillage of the South when Hayes withdrew the last detachments of federal troops. More, he purified the atmosphere in Washington. His remarkable wife, Lucy, dramatized this with cold-water abstinence decrees for state dinners in the White House. Hayes, in fact, was lucky in his women: in his mother, in his sister, in the girls he timidly fenced with in the indecisive years of his over-long maturation (he considered, and fairly, that he wasted five years after graduating from Harvard Law, furtively sheltering in his uncle's small home-town before taking the plunge in Cincinnati and private practice of the law).

Hayes came on, thru the war service, thru three difficult election campaigns and three excellent terms as governor of Ohio, to keep his head in the nerve-shredding months of controversy over the national election, to do what could be done in his four years as President, then to vanish abruptly and permanently from the public mind and memory. But the last twelve years of his life were in some ways the best. Friend as well as founder of Ohio State university, earnest worker at the idea of going into the South with private funds to help the Negro educate himself, foremost in prisoner reform, an early clear-sighted critic of the plutocracy that might have strangled the country: one is forced with Barnard to see something of the enlightened Puritan hastening to do good.

What were his consolations? Such a man needs none, but they came: the nomination and election of the faithful Garfield by a contented, united and prospering country; the appointment of his old Kenyon classmate, Stanley Matthews, to the Supreme court; the soundness of the currency he had helped to save, the friendly gratitude of the South, the respect of the intellectuals of his day, the cheers when he marched at 70 with the G.A.R. in Washington and in Chicago in '93 at the opening of our exposition. It seems a fairy tale of virtue, undemanding, rewarded, but this was a man, as Barnard reminds us, in the great line of liberal Republicans from the Adamses and Carl Schurz thru LaFollette and George Norris to Henry Lodge and Jim Duff, and such as these are rewarded in our country.

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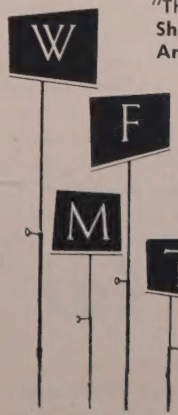

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The Onion Patch

—Booze is not an issue

On George Washington's birthday the electorate put Paddy Bauler, the publicity-shy innkeeper, back in the city council and expelled Arch Carey, the brilliant United Nations delegate.

These results of the primary might be construed as indicating that we live in a pretty primitive place. But they can also be interpreted as symbolizing the central error of the campaign conducted by the Kennelly-newspaper faction.

When phrase-maker Bauler followed up "The Last Time I Seen Paris" with "Chicago ain't ready for reform," the papers made a big joke out of it, still failing to grasp the very important fact that in a sense he was making sense.

"Tavern," "bar" and "cocktail lounge" are omitted from the peculiar language used to write the *Daily News*. The paper seems to think it is striking a real blow for clean living by classing as a "saloon" every place in town where liquor is sold — with a few exceptions like the Pump Room and the Chez Paree. This little exercise in semantics was joined gleefully by John Knight's lodge brothers during the campaign. Bauler, it was reiterated every day, was a saloon keeper, as if this were the worst possible sin, or, indeed, the worst one he had ever committed.

If the people of Chicago have anything against saloon keepers, they conceal it cleverly, providing thousands of them with good annual incomes.

How did Bauler vote on attempts to trim the budget? What position had he taken on streamlining the structure of city government? Had he done anything constructive about Trumbull Park, or rushing completion of the expressways, or fighting slums? If these questions were asked at all, they were obscured in the din about his ultimate transgression — taking out a liquor license. If the papers wanted to have a local option election in the 43rd ward, they probably could have arranged one. And anybody who has been on North avenue could have given them a long-range call on its outcome.

The 43rd ward campaign had a kind of inverse parallel in the 3rd. There were positive things to be said and repeated about Alderman Carey. Minister, lawyer, orator, statesman of national renown, he is one of our solidest citizens. But all the voters heard about was Bill Dawson, the Democratic Congressman who battles the Dixiecrats, and policy, which is to the 3rd ward what Lowenbrau is to the 43rd. The papers set forth the issues their way, and the people voted on them *their* way.

These mistakes aren't likely to be repeated in the current campaign. While the primary showed that people

aren't much interested in petty moralistic reform, it was indecisive as far as broader questions of social and political progress are concerned. There was no proof that the public has lost interest in getting a larger and more loyal police force, or in transferring some of the city council's powers to the mayor's office or in building housing and sewers and roads.

Neither of the candidates left in the mayoralty race is likely to ignore these issues in favor of the much-ado-about-the-corner-taproom orientation.

On election night Sheriff Lohman told a group of celebrants, "Dick Daley is an earthy, common man — one of us." Lohman's own earthiness is better established than his plebianism. But he had a point about Daley, who lives on Lowe avenue and has his hand closer to the urban pulse than do the commuters in the various towers of journalism.

Bob Merriam has said of his approach to reform: "Change of this kind is not blue-nosed. It makes no assault on individual liberties except where they infringe on the liberties of others. Certainly it does not condemn pleasure as such . . ."

If Daley fails to win the grand prize it won't be the fault of Joseph Zipp Campione, who is Democratic captain of the 54th precinct of the 42nd ward. Campione's ambition for his candidate extends far beyond the vicinity of Clark and Elm, as witness an excerpt from a letter he sent to his constituents before the primary: "It is the duty of every American to help and nominate Richard J. Daley."

RESUMPTION OF PLAY at rounders this month serves as an excuse for meditation on a little known difference between the Cubs and the White Sox. Under "Amusement Parks" in the *Red Book*, there are three listings for the Hoary Hose: American League Baseball Club, Comiskey Park and White Sox Baseball Club. Other entries include Battaglia Sam, Santa Fe Pk. Picnic Grv. and Lincoln Pk. Scenic Ry., but there is not one mention of the Addison street playground or its ursine staff.

This bit of literary lore is offered in a non-partisan spirit to both sets of bleacherites. The North Siders can claim the Cubs play a more elevated game, which is why they have won more pennants than any major league team but the Giants, while Comiskey park has lacked a banner longer than any other stadium. The 35th street caucus can attribute the difference to the fact that there is nothing amusing about the events of recent years in Wrigley field.

THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN full of fun all month. The *American*, ever alert to threats of subversion, ran an editorial about plans for a big beach that would be interrupted by the "South Side infiltration plant." A *Sun-Times* basketball box score neatly evaded possible confusion over the scoring of the Judson twins of Illinois, Paul and Phil. In addition to the last name, it gave each one's first initial.

— A. W.

First in Film

AWARD: For the second consecutive year, WGN-TV received **Billboard** magazine's first place national award as the station most careful and conscientious in handling TV film programs and commercials. Behind this award lie some extremely interesting and pertinent facts about film programs.

Programs on film provide the answer locally for meeting network competition, with the added advantage of offering advertisers a choice in the matter of time scheduling. With film, wisely used and carefully placed to supplement live and network shows, WGN-TV has built an extremely effective pattern of programming.

Several business firms have written outstanding success stories in the Chicago market with feature film shows on Channel 9.

WHY AND HOW: WGN-TV offers a unique service available at no other Chicago station and provided by very few stations in the country. It's a preview privilege, whereby advertisers and their agents may see in advance the film they are programming. As a result, WGN-TV's film department provides 24 hours of screening per day five days a week and eight hours on Saturday.

Most of the finest programs televised today are shows filmed especially for TV—Channel 9's "Badge 714," "Meet Corliss Archer," "Sherlock Holmes," "Racket Squad," "Life of Riley," and "Liberace," among others.

FILM INFO: There are more than 100 film distributors offering programs for television. WGN-TV's film department is the most reliable source of information on the subject in Chicago. Here you can find out what is available, through what firm and how to reach them.

The **Billboard** magazine award is a hard-earned, well-deserved tribute to the care, efficiency and service provided by the WGN-TV film department staff, under the direction of Elizabeth Bain. The award also gives us this opportunity to focus attention upon . . .

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Readers & Writers

Crime Doesn't Pay

Sir: I would appreciate an explanation of the picture you published in your February issue, in "The Year's Best Press Photography," entitled "Blackout," by Joseph Marino of the *Daily News.*

MRS. VICTOR MURPHY

Marino's unusual shot is of a would-be burglar who tried to enter a building thru the chimney and got stuck. Policemen had to chop thru the wall to get him out.

Values

Sir: The first *real* boner that you have published, I feel, was your article on Chicago's richest man [February]. It was extremely poor taste to write or to consider publishing such an article. What Chicago needs is less emphasis on money or material gains and more emphasis on achievement. It's a false and unfortunate feeling that prevails upon men, when individuals become newsworthy on the basis of swimming pools in their basements, farms in Libertyville or a million shares of stock in a company. It's false and unjust to advertise the price tags on these fine men — all of whom have contributed directly and indirectly to Chicago's welfare and progress.

MRS. ROBERT CARTON,
Winnetka

Corrections

Sir: We were amused by the squib [West of the Water Tower — January] titled "Best Laid Plans." A well laid plan gone wrong, so the item said, was the naming of two streets in Park Forest similarly: Indianwood drive and Indianwood boulevard. It appears, however, that even the best laid squibs are subject to error. Park Forest has but one street named Indianwood — Indianwood boulevard.

BILL JOHNSTON,
Public Relations
for Park Forest

The source for the item, who lives in Park Forest, says that at one time there were street signs for both Indianwood boulevard and Indianwood drive and that this caused vast confusion, sending people driving in wrong directions. The error, the source reports, was corrected recently by removing the Indianwood drive sign.

The Greatest

Sir: We have had a lot of stories on Telemark but the one produced by CHICAGO in February was by far the best and most interestingly laid out of any ever run on us. It was really terrific and you have the whole northwestern part of the state wagging their tongues about it. I have never seen such a good response to a story about local affairs as your "Ski Boom Town" has produced.

ANTHONY WISE,
President, Telemark Co.

He Deserved It

Sir: I was greatly surprised and honored by the citation which appears in your January issue designating me one of the five builders of the city in 1954. I think this is one of the most complimentary acknowledgments I have ever received.

SAMUEL W. WITWER, JR.

It Knocked Twice

Sir: With the countless opportunities for misspellings to creep into a publication, it is not surprising that an error pops up here and there. However, in No. 2 of "Solar Houses for this Climate," [February] the names of both the architect and the home owner are misspelled. Instead of Kecht and Kunstadler, they should be Keck and Kunstadter.

LOUIS R. TODD

Tissue Issue

Sir: We enjoyed the February issue of your magazine but would like to call your attention to a misuse of our trade mark. No doubt this was not intentional.

On page 16, lower left-hand corner, there is an article captioned "For Want of a Kleenex" [West of the Water Tower]. The name Kleenex is our registered trade mark for tissues and when it is used it must be followed by the word "tissues" for proper trade mark protection. Correctly, this should have read "For Want of a Kleenex Tissue."

B. E. HOPPER,
International Cellucotton
Products Co.

Sir: I feel, after reading the item on page 16 of the February issue, that I can't let a Kleenex (or the lack of one) stand in the way of *my* television career and am therefore sending you this photo.

MISS ASTRID HAGELFELDT

In her eagerness to rush into camera range, Miss Hagelfeldt not only has omitted "tissue" but is trying to pass off Pond's as Kleenex.